National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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The Spirit of the South.

CALL FOR A SOUTHERN CONVENTION.

From The Washington Union.

To the People of the Slaveholding States:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: The Southern Convention which was held in February last at Richmond, adjourned over by resolution to meet at the city of Savannah, on the second Monday, the eighth of December next.

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The Conventions which were held at Macon and Augusta, Georgia, and at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1838–9, representing several States, and embracing among their members the ablest, most distinguished and patriotic of our citizens, constituted the earliest embodiment of this sentiment; and these Conventions have been succeeded by others of equal respectability and even wider influence, adjourned from place to place, and composed of delegates from every State of the South, appointed in primary assemblies, by municipal government or by executive authority. The records of these assemblies—at Memphis in 1845, 1849; Baltimore, 1852; New Orleans, 1851–54; Charleston, 1855; and Richmond, 1856—have long since been given to the public, and are marked by ability and patriotism seldom if ever surpassed in this or any other country.

It is impossible to resist the evidence that these Conventions, originating at first in purely economical considerations, however, afterwards stimulated and deriving renewed activity from the insolent and aggressive spirit exhibited at times by the free States, sufficient in other countries to have led to open hostilities, and which has threatened, and only been arrested upon the threshold of a disruption of the Federal Union itself, have contributed largely to a consolidation of Southern sentiment, to a better understanding of our condition and necessities, and have also been felt in that general development now everywhere manifesting itself at the South, extending our railroads, enlarging and diversifying our commerce and manufactures, and developing our agriculture, inviting and concentrating population, and leading to new combinations and to higher and still higher hopes.

It was declared at Richmond, that the objects of the Convention were "to secure to the Southern States the utmost amount of prosperity as an integral part of the Federal Union, or to enable them to maintain their rights and institutions in any event," and that matters were all germane which related to the development of our soil, the enlargement of our internal improvement system, our domestic trade and direct foreign commerce, mines, manufactures, and the arts, the social system and institutions of the South, our schools, colleges and the press. It will properly be the duty of the Committee, therefore, to make a few brief references to each of these heads.

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V. SOCIAL SYSTEM AND INSTITUTIONS OF THE SOUTH.—It is our purpose that these shall remain intact amid the disorganizations which threaten other society? This system and these institutions have ever been ours and those of our ancestors, including the very founders of the Republic. They have given us all of opulence that is enjoyed. They have raised us to ten millions of freemen, and enabled us to bring under Christian influences four millions of happy, well-protected and contented labourers, descendants of barbarians, thrown upon our shores by the hands of Providence, making use, as instruments, of Northern ships and Northern cupidity. Have they taken away from our capacities as legislators in peace, or our valour and patriotism in war? Is the principle of honour, of integrity, of manly courage, the instinct which impels the approval of right, the resentment of wrong, or the chastisement of insolence—are the social and domestic virtues and Christian charities to be found existing here in unhappy contrast with the system and institutions of those who claim the privilege of reforming our manners, and of making us altogether as they are themselves? Domestic quiet and repose are invited to give way to agrarianism, socialism, spiritualism, and all of the other infinitely diversified *isms*, which agitate and keep in continual turmoil what is called, by an abuse of terms, free society. Reforms there may be—improvements; time and experience develope these in the machinery of all societies. Should such at any time be necessary at the South, it is ours, and ours only, in assemblies and conventions, to discuss and pronounce upon them, indignantly repelling the interferences of our neighbours.

VI. EDUCATION.—With institutions of learning like those that have been long established, and now flourish in the States of Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, must the youth of the South be longer doomed to exile in uncongenial climes, where the most sacred associations of their homes are denounced as those of the savage and the barbarian, the heritage of guilt and crime, and where grave and reverend professors and clergymen leave the pulpit and the desk to sign and circulate incendiary political addresses, substituting rifles for Euclid or the Bible, and finding in Kansas fields more classic and consecrated than were ever before furnished to them by Attica or Palestine? Shall not our State Legislatures, acting in concert, provide for an increased number of home institutions, extending at the same time the sphere of those already existing? With a larger proportion of thoroughly educated men than is to be found beyond our limits, will we build up and encourage home literature, and foster and encourage home publication houses? The time for action is *now*. It will be well, at least, to look to our school-books. Can the making of these be intrusted so exclusively to those who, by instilling an occasional heresy, dangerous to our repose, imagine that they serve, at the same time, God and Mammon—their consciences and their pockets? The State Legislatures at the South alone are competent to heal this mischief. Property will submit to any amount of taxation for such a purpose. A system can, and ought to be, matured at the South by which the most ample encouragement shall be given to its educational system and to its press. Withdraw at once the contributions which are returned too often to us now in contumely and insult.

Fellow-citizens of the South, we may not realize at once all of these hopes, but let us fondly cherish them, believing them to be attainable at no distant day, if we shall act in concert, moving in the same direction, under the dictates of a common interest—necessity and patriotism.

We invite a large attendance at the Convention in Savannah. Let every village and town throughout the South respond promptly to this appeal in the appointment of delegates instructed in regard to their wishes and views. The Executives of the several States, and the Mayors of cities, Boards of Trade and Commerce, Agricultural Associations, &c., will, it is believed, appoint, according to custom, delegations of tried and approved men, who will certainly attend, or who will, in the event of a failure, communicate, by report or otherwise, full information for the action of the body upon some or all of the points indicated.

Can it be necessary to appeal to the press of the South, to open its columns to this subject, and to continue its agitation until the sitting of the Convention in December.

The city of Savannah, through its executive officer, has notified the Committee of its intention to make every provision for the meeting of the Convention, to afford the amplest facilities for its business, and extend the utmost hospitality to its delegates.

JAMES LYONS,		J. D. B. DE BOW, La.
R. K. MEADE,		TENCH TILGHMAN, Md.
J. R. ANDERSON,	Va.	ROBERT OULD, D. C.
MYER MYERS,		J. H. GIBBON, N. C.
F. B. DEANE, JR.,		

THE COMPLICATED NEGRO INSURRECTION IN TEXAS.

COLUMBUS, Colorado County, Sept. 9, 1856.

THE object of this communication is to state to you all the facts of any importance connected with a recent intended insurrection.

Our suspicions were aroused about two weeks ago, when a meeting of the citizens of the County was called, and a committee of investigation appointed to ferret out the whole matter, and lay the facts before the people of the County for their consideration. The committee entered upon their duties, and in a short time were in full possession of the facts of a well organized and systematized plan for the murder of our entire white population, with the exception of the young ladies, who were to be taken captives and made the wives of the diabolical murderers of their parents and friends. The committee found in their possession a number of pistols, bowie-knives, guns and ammunition. Their pass words of organization were adopted, and their motto, "leave not a shadow behind."

Last Saturday, the 6th inst., was the time agreed upon for the execution of their damning designs. At a late hour at night all were to make one simultaneous, desperate effort with from two to ten apportioned to nearly every house in the County, kill all the whites, save the above exceptions, plunder their homes, take their horses and arms, and fight their way on to a "free State" (Mexico).

Notwithstanding the intense excitement which moved every member of our community, and the desperate measures to which men are liable to be led on by such impending danger, to which we had been exposed by our indulgence and leniency to our slaves, we must say the people acted with more caution and deliberation than ever before characterized the action of any people under similar circumstances.

More than two hundred negroes had violated the law, the penalty of which is death. But by a unanimous consent the law was withheld and their lives spared, with the exception of three of the ringleaders, who were, on last Friday, the 6th inst., at 2 o'clock, p. m., hung, with the unanimous voice of the citizens of the County.

Without exception, every Mexican in the County was implicated. They were arrested and ordered to leave the County within five days, and never again to return under the penalty of death. There is one, however, by the name of Frank, who is proven to be one of the prime movers of the affair, that was not arrested, but we hope that he may yet be, and have meted out to him such a reward as his black deed demands.

We are satisfied that the lower class of the Mexican population are incendiaries, in any country where slaves are held, and should be dealt with accordingly. And, for the benefit of the Mexican population, we would here state that a resolution was passed by the unanimous voice of the County, forever forbidding any Mexican from coming within the limits of the County.

Peace, quiet and good order are again restored, and, by the watchful care of our Vigilance Committee, a well-organized patrol and good discipline among our planters, we are persuaded that there will never again occur the necessity of a communication of the character of this.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN H. ROBSON, H. A. TATUM, J. H. HICKS, } Corresponding Committee.

Selections.

RELIGION IN POLITICS.

FASHIONABLE, TIME-SERVING CHRISTIANITY—YOUNG MEN REPELLED FROM THE CHURCH BY COLD AND SANCTIMONIOUS PREACHERS IN KID-GLOVES—WORSHIP OF GOLDEN CALVES IN NEW YORK—THE DRUMS OF GOD'S WORD MUFFLED—THE TRUTH NAILED UP IN COFFINS AND BURIED AT THE BIDDING OF COTTON MERCHANTS, &C., &C.

[Extracts from two sermons, preached in the Church of the Puritans, New York, Sunday evenings, Oct. 13 and Oct. 20, 1856, by Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.]

THERE are awful unseen junctures, unseen, because men choose to be blinded, and there are days of unknown visitation, unknown because men scoff at the thought of being under the judgment of a present God. There are seasons of deliberate choice forever, where two ways meet, and nations, as individuals, come to point, decide, and from that step go steadily downward or upward, according to that decision. We ourselves, as a nation, have come to such a point. We are to choose for an empire between wrong and righteousness, between injustice and justice, between oppression and benevolence, between slavery and freedom. It is a point in which all the characters and wills in this country come to a convergency one side or other, good or bad. It is a point where the choice will be determined by individual adopted opinions and preferences, under motives and principles which in every case God unerringly traces and judges, as he alone can do.

It is a spectacle, and a national issue, such as there never was before in all the world; a decision affecting at present and in prospect, more millions of men and greater varieties of interest in this world, and more solemn eternal results, than any movement of any nation's policy ever on record. . . . . It is a new, vast, unexampled step, that of a question of morality for hundreds of millions and for ages, committed to a whole people to determine by the expression of individual judgment as responsible as if the whole decision were thrown upon each one's own mind.

The question of duty with us is, therefore, not merely national and corporate, but INDIVIDUAL, inasmuch as every man is called to vote, and to vote freely, according to his own opinion and choice. It is his highest moral responsibility, and most solemn action, as connected with the State. In forming his opinions, justly or unjustly, and in selecting his representatives or agents, with reference to those opinions, and in voting for his rulers, he is himself the actor of the justice or the injustice. What a man does by his agent he does himself. *Qui facit per alium facit per se.* If a man orders a broker to buy, *he* buys; if a man hires an assassin to murder, *he* murders. If a man votes for Senator, Representative, President or Governor, pledged to pursue a particular line of oppressive and iniquitous policy, he votes for that iniquity, he sustains it, he transacts it himself, he will have to stand before God in judgment on that indictment. The vote is always a moral trust, but especially when a great moral question is to be determined by it. It is, of all others, a thing of individual responsibility, and a matter of conscience, a matter between the soul and God, a matter of religion, and not of mere politics, a matter in which every man ought to seek the instruction of God's Word, and in which we are bound to proclaim God's judgment. We do not preach to the Government, but to the people; the Government being merely their agent. We do not preach to the people on a question of mere expediency, or diplomacy, or profit, or political economy, or statesmanship, or even of what is best, but of what is right; of what God allows. The question of slavery is not a question of power or revenue, but of RECTITUDE; and since God's will is plainly expressed upon it, a question of obedience or disobedience to God's law. Beyond all contradiction, therefore, it is a legitimate, appropriate, authoritative subject for the pulpit; and if the course proposed for the nation is that not only of sanctioning and sustaining the system of slavery, but of enforcing it as the policy of a new State, the system to be set at the heart of a virgin society, and men who religiously hate and abhor it to be driven into an endurance of it and submission to it at the point of the bayonet, then no true embassador for God can avoid speaking out. On the plain and pungent principle laid down in Ezekiel, he is bound to proclaim God's denunciation of such an iniquity.

But here again I hear the stale, accustomed outcry of political preaching; and perhaps you say, it produces noise and agitation, dispute and disturbance in the churches, to have the sluices of God's Word opened on this iniquity, and revivals of religion will be stopped, and everything will go to ruin. But, my hearers, everything will go to ruin by sin, and not by the noise or the efforts to put a stop to sin. It produces a dreadful noise, to have the safety-valves opened on board a steamboat, racing with such reckless speed and pressure of steam that the boiler is about bursting. And suppose a party of men on board, engaged in a religious conversation, should run and jump upon the safety valve to prevent that noise, declaring that they could not converse while the noise continued. Would that be piety or wisdom? Suppose they asserted that all the danger was from the noise, and not from the racing. Your fire engines make a great noise, tearing through the streets to put out a conflagration. Suppose that they should be indicted as a nuisance, while the incendiary goes at large, and the flames prosper. According to the Word of God, he that kindled the fire shall make restitution, not he that made a great disturbance in striving to put it out.

Ludicrous as it may seem, I have absolutely had the charge brought against my preaching, that it excites the nerves to such a degree that the man could hardly sit still under it. A man complained to a friend who brought him to church one Sabbath evening, that he never was so excited in his life, that he did not come to church to be excited but quieted; but that he never found himself under such excitement of mind anywhere, and he would not stand it. Poor man! just as if the Word of God were nothing but carpenter work, to make sound sleepers! He did not consider that there are sleepers enough in our churches any day, strong timber, and no danger of disturbing them; and that the very thing we need is excitement by the truth, excitement in the mind, excitement in the heart, excitement in the conscience. But you cannot have it all one way; and when there are snags in the mind there will be a ripple where the current of truth sweeps over them. Hurlgate itself could be kept smooth, by widening the channel, and blowing up the rough rocks at the bottom.

Between the mealymouthedness of preachers and the mealyheartedness of the people, with the motto *First peaceable, then pure*, there comes to be a most unsubstantial, unreliable state of things. Christians educated in this manner are not to be relied upon for a confession of the truth in troublous times, or a defence of it when it becomes unpopular. You might as well make a cable out of a bag of meal as expect to hold fast by such a Christianity. The fashionable and time-serving congregations cannot endure plain truth. The flour of the Gospel itself must be finely and so exquisitely bolted, that all the strength is excluded, all that goes to make bone and gristle, and between that and the evil mentioned in God's Word (*Ephraim is a cake not turned*), you get nothing from the gospel-oven but doughfaces. And the same monstrous inconsistency is visible now, in the profession and life of Christians, as was in the character of the people of God of old, when in one verse he described them as a people making great ostentation of seeking God, and delighting in his ordinances, and parading their oblations; and in the next, as a rebellious generation, a lying people, who would not listen to the Word of the Lord when it condemned their own cherished and defended sins. They fasted, but refused to break a single yoke. They prayed, they made long prayers, and then turned and gave their influence against all preaching and all effort to establish freedom instead of slavery, which was equivalent to making long prayers and then devouring widows' houses. Just so now, men pray for revivals of religion, but if any brother from the country, too simple-hearted to understand the atmosphere and the currents of the prayer-meeting, happens to pray for the deliverance of the oppressed and the enslaved, a feeling runs through the room, as of something strange, ill-judged, unmannered; as if fanaticism has appeared bodily in the assembly. If slavery be in any way referred to, they remark upon the injudiciousness of such preaching, how certain it is to put a stop to revivals of religion, and drive away the pious, praying hearts that long for the outpouring of God's spirit.

Now, is it to be supposed that God does not see to the very bottom of such hollow professions, or that His indignation against such hypocrisy is any less at this day than it was when He told His people of old that all their oblations, and their approaches to Him, were a smoke in his nose, instead of gaining his approbation; and that even when they burned incense to Him, it was no better than if they blessed an idol? Yea, they have chosen their own ways, and their soul delighteth in their abominations. I also will choose their delusions, and will bring their fears upon them. God is not mocked, and we have yet to learn what that meaneth, I will have *mercy*, and not sacrifice. Love your neighbour as yourself, and thus prove that the love of God is in you.

A deplorable, sickly, hypocritical fastidiousness is in danger of settling down on our congregations, destructive of everything manly, bold and original. There are plenty of gentlemen with kid gloves in our pulpits, but no brawny blacksmiths with sledge hammers; or if by chance a sledge-hammer does ever come into play, it must be garlanded with silk and flowers, or cased in India rubber, to accommodate itself to the elastic conscience with which it is to come in contact; and even then, though it may be used advantageously to pound all in pieces the sin of dancing, it cannot preserve a conservative reputation if brought down upon any organic iniquity. But God's description of His Word as a fire and a hammer certainly smacks of the blacksmith's shop rather than the parlour, and looks as if burning thoughts and hard blows were more acceptable to him than fastidious elegancies. Our young men look in vain to our pulpits for that sympathy with the oppressed, and affinity with the native impulses of the human heart for Freedom, which true religion always possesses, and which the true Gospel cultivates. They are repelled by the cold, sanctimonious caution with which all enthusiasm for freedom is banished from the sanctuary.

I have but just received a note from a brother minister in a neighbouring city, in which he says, after inquiring as to Jeremiah's position, "The pro-slavery sentiment here has spiked so many guns that they expect to spike mine without much difficulty. I only wish it was of a larger calibre." Now, it is rather hazardous business, this spiking guns while the fight is waging. And one thing is certain—if conscience has had the casting of the gun, and the management of it, the attempt to spike it will only result in filling it to the very muzzle with grape-shot, and giving a tenfold fury to its cannonading. Spike the guns of the Gospel against men's sins? Try the experiment! More than forty men once bound themselves with an oath that they would neither eat nor drink till they had spiked Paul's gun by killing him; but they only opened before him a wider and more effectual door of utterance, and meantime we do not read that they starved themselves to death, though really all that their oath could do was only to spike their own stomachs. Just so the Pope tried to spike Luther's guns, but only taught him how to load and fire more effectually.

And this is the effect which outrages upon truth and justice always will have, and ought to have, upon faithful and noble souls; it will only make them still more earnest and resolute. Certainly, when truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter, and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey, it is time for gap-men, time for the Duke's guards, time for Cromwell's invincibles, time to storm the enemy with greater energy than ever, but not to compromise our principles or spike our guns.

The truths that have been outraged are to be reproclaimed in the spirit of outraged truth, at the behest of conscience, in the service of God. They may require the voice of loud alarm and impassioned warning. "Such," says Coleridge, "are in our own times the agitating truths with which Thomas Clarkson and his excellent confederates the Quakers fought and conquered the legalized banditti of men-stealers, the numerous and powerful perpetrators and advocates of rapine, murder, and of blacker guilt than either, slavery. Truths of this kind being indispensable to man, considered as a moral being, are above all experience, all accidental consequences; for as sure as God is holy, and man immortal, there can be no evil so great as the ignorance or disregard of them." Both the duty and the privilege of bearing such testimony, and of rebuking such wickedness, especially in high places, has been defended and demonstrated with illumination so dazzling, on occasions so illustrious, in a manner so noble, and with consequences so grand, that the instances are the most impressive and instructive chapters of history. I have seldom met with a prouder and more fearless averment of the grandeur, solemnity and imperious necessity of such testimony in the teeth of tyranny than that of Lord Erskine, when the minions of the British crown and a cringing, tyrannical judiciary were endeavouring to force the guilt of constructive treason upon innocent men, and to compel a jury to bring in a charge of guilty, just as they are now doing with innocent men in Kansas, but in that Territory in a manner more outrageous, more deficient of truth, freedom and righteousness, than ever before in any nation under heaven. "Gentlemen," said Lord Erskine to the jury, "this is such a horrible proposition, the imputation of treason to men who we know never designed it, and the proposition to hang them by law on account of it, though they could have been indicted only by perversion of the law, that I would rather, at the end of all these causes, when I had finished my duty to their unfortunate objects, die upon my knees thanking God that for the protection of innocence, and the safety of my country, I had been made the instrument of denying and reprobating such wickedness, than live to the age of Methuselah for letting it pass unexposed and unrebuked."

The religious sacredness and nobleness of testimony against oppression were never more grandly illustrated; but if such be the convictions and exalted sentiments of an advocate at an oppressive earthly tribunal, surely they who occupy the place of ministers of God's truth in God's own sanctuary ought to be animated by impulses not less sacred—ought to glory in their testimony with an ardour not less sublime.

But why do we refer to mortal instances, when we have the example of divine? In the judgment hall of Pilate, Christ Jesus himself transcendently glorified and illustrated the duty of bearing testimony to oppressed and persecuted truth, by declaring that his own object, even in becoming incarnate, was to give it utterance, and to stand up in behalf of it. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.

Now, when we hear God declaring that the throne of iniquity, which frameth mischief by a law, shall not have fellowship with him; and when we hear him saying, Wo unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and write grievances which they have prescribed, it is beyond all possibility of doubt that the denunciation from the pulpit of such vast, creative, germinating and accumulating wickedness is pleasing in His sight. It is one object for which He has established the pulpit, and given it a sacredness in the opinion and a hold upon the hearts and consciences of men. But let ministers beware how they lose that reverence, by yielding up the freedom of the pulpit to the fear of man, and suffering the hypocritical outcry of "political preaching" to prevent them from pouring the light of God's Word on political sins.

Lord Erskine denounced the wickedness of the imputation of treason to men who were known to be true lovers of their country and of freedom, and the infamy of the propoeition to hang them up by an indictment which itself could not be framed except by perversion of the law. But the wickedness that Lord Erskine was called to battle against might almost boast of sanctity in comparison with the complicated villanies transacted in Kansas, and enforced by our Government. For we have there the unrivalled atrocity of a pretended Territorial Legislature, proved and acknowledged by our own Government to be a violent fraud and usurpation, and all its authority null and void, yet sustained by our own same Government, with the whole available force of the United States army; we have in the second place the atrocity of laws enacted by the same Legislature, and pronounced by the Senate and House of Representatives to be infamous, barbarous, unconstitutional, and fit only to be broken and trampled on, yet enforced by the same Government at the point of the bayonet; we have in the third place the transcendent farce and wickedness of the very best men in this outraged Territory indicted and imprisoned for the crime of high treason in peacefully and constitutionally opposing this diabolical usurpation, and their fetters riven and their prison guarded by the same Government with the same army. I defy all history, from the foundation of the world, to show any usurpation to be compared for atrocity with this unparalleled wickedness, for it is a usurpation entered into and sustained for the extension and perpetuity of slavery. And if the people of this country tamely submit to such shameless and monstrous prostitution of law and complication of injustice, their liberties are dead and buried from this time and forever. And yet the Executive of this undeniable and enormous tyranny remains unimpeached; and there are not wanting men bearing the Christian name to palliate, if not to justify and sanctify, the wrong!

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Can anything cover up this wickedness? Can any professions of religion induce him to wink at it, or to connive at the prostitution of religion itself for its support? God's own voice shall answer; you shall have his own judgment from the prophets.

Wo unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness which they have prescribed, to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor of my people. Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law? If a man could take the bolt of God's thunder in his hand and could flash the lightning right in the face of a tyrannical, usurping legislator, there could not be anything more direct than this. And is not this to be preached? And if the government of any nation be guilty of this sin, is it not to be charged upon them? Is not the country where this wickedness is perpetrated, the very place, and the generation in which, and against which it is perpetrated the very time, to rebuke it, and in the name of God declare his testimony against it? And on whom rests the responsibility of doing this, and who have the right and authority from God to do it, but His own appointed preachers of the word? And will any man dare to call this political preaching? It is indeed the bringing of religion into politics, according to God's command, and the application of the instructions and principles of God's word to the conduct of the nation and the people. And such application the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah were commanded to make, and our Lord Jesus enjoined upon the preachers of the Gospel the same faithfulness. Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins.

In the 54th chapter of Jeremiah, the deliberate establishment of slavery in the nation is shown to have been the one climacteric cause and occasion of the wrath of God coming down upon the whole land and people without remedy. And if God sees a single merchant in this city, with whom the reason, for example, why he is unwilling that any mention of the sin of slavery should resound from the pulpit, or that any agitation in regard to its wickedness should be kept up, is a regard to his business and its profits, or a fear of revulsion and disturbance distressing to the prosperous course and current of commercial affairs, that concealment and opposition of the light, and the motive for it, are as bad, in his case, with his increased knowledge, in the blaze of the whole Word of God, as the idolatry of the Israelites. It is the golden calves still, and still there is the worship of them, and Dan and Bethel are in this city with their Dagons and their altars, and their priests, not among the lowest merely, but the highest of the people.

And the forced concealment of truth on this very subject; the voice to the seers, See not, and to the prophets, Prophesy not; the ban upon the light, the ostracism of opinion, the repression of freedom in the pulpit, the accusation and the outcry of political preaching if the light of God be turned upon it, the extreme fastidiousness and fear in our fashionable congregations, sit like a nightmare on the genius of the Gospel. It is a mountain of despotism, and of the fear of man, thrown upon the truth. The preacher is like the fabled giant under his volcano. If the giant will be quiet the mountain will be quiet, and some green things may grow upon it in peace and freshness. But the moment he turns in his anguish, or strives to free himself of his load, the mountain belches forth its fire and fury, and rolls down streams of lava, and the poor be-mountained giant is the cause of it! The giant cannot stir hand or foot with the least suspicion of regaining his freedom, but Etna rages. Again and again have faithful and beloved pastors been driven from their pulpits, just barely for giving a single utterance of God's word against the sin of slavery. At the South a man has been driven from his church simply for refusing to add his name to a commendation of the dastardly and murderous outrage in the Senate of the United States. In Washington, a pastor has been recently dismissed for one single sermon against slavery. In Philadelphia, the people have demanded the resignation of a pastor for the same offence. Everywhere, almost, there is this attempt to muzzle the pulpit, this impious refusal to listen to God's word on this one sin. Now, this cannot be right in the sight of God; and God, perhaps, has suffered us to come to our present crisis in the affairs of this nation, on purpose, in part, to deliver the pulpit from such bondage. There is a point where the life is reached, and men feel it, and now they begin to speak out, whether men will hear or forbear. And if we would be faithful, we *must* speak out; for we know that this is God's truth, and that whatever plausible motives of expediency may induce either us to refrain from uttering it or you to shrink from hearing it, it cannot be right in God's sight to hearken unto men more than unto God.

The conservatism that would prevent the utterance of God on this subject is a conservatism that stands in the way of righteousness, and yet it makes great pretensions to sobriety and uprightness. It reminds one of Jeremiah's satirical description. They are upright as the palm tree, but speak not. It preserves a sober and dignified silence, when God commands a fearless, outspoken rebuke of cherished sins. It imputes the violence of men's passions in defence of such sins to the rashness and impertinence of those who have dared to rebuke them. It is always saying to those who open the batteries of truth, when noise and fury follow the cannonading, Had you kept silence there would have been nothing of all this agitation; you are stirring up nothing but contention and wrath. This was the very accusation brought against Jeremiah himself when he proclaimed the Word of God in Jerusalem and Judea against sins which the Government commanded, and which the people declared they would defend and practice, and which not a few among prophets and priests themselves affirmed were no sins at all, but just a profitable policy. Woe is me, for I am become a man of contention and strife. I love peace, and I love my people, and I love my country, and out of love I speak to them this Word of the Lord! I have neither lent on usury, nor men have lent to me on usury, yet every one of them doth curse me. Ah, Jeremiah, there are other ways to touch men's pockets and invite their avarice beside charging twenty per cent. for your money. Lay the tax of the Word of God upon their profitable, legalized and cherished sins, and instantly they cry out violence and spoil, and the Word of God itself will be made a reproach unto you and a derision, daily. Then, said they, Come and let us devise devices against Jeremiah; for the law shall *not* perish from the priest, nor council from the wise, nor the word from the prophet. Come, and let us smite him with the tongue, and let us not give heed to any of his words. So I heard the defaming of many, fear on every side. Report, say they, and we will report it. All my familiars watched for my halting, saying, Peradventure he will be enticed, and we shall prevail against him, and we shall take our revenge on him. And all for what? Had he injured them, betrayed them, slandered them, defrauded them? Simply and solely because he had delivered unto them the words of the Lord against their sins of oppression and idolatry. Well, if all the Lord's prophets had been faithful and true, like Jeremiah, they would have conquered, and God's Word in them. But Jeremiah stood almost alone, and the prophets themselves were against him, the conservatists of peace and sin.

Now, if ever there was what is falsely called political preaching, it was this preaching of Jeremiah. It was the preaching of *religion* in politics, God's Word as the only authoritative and right *guide* of politics—God's Word, forbidding a nation's sins. And God sustained the prophet in this preaching through a ministry of forty-three years' duration. Now, mark my words: it was the preaching of *religion in politics*, which is God's own command, both in the Old and New Testaments; but the *preaching of politics in religion* is quite another thing—the work of intriguing politicians and of Satan, seeking to blind the minds of men, and keep God's light and God's authority away from their hearts and consciences. If religion be *not* preached and practiced in the politics of a nation, that nation is on the high road to perdition. It is impossible for the individuals of a nation to support the nation's sins, or apologize for them, or ward off the light of God's Word from rebuking them, and not put in peril their own piety and salvation. Already over more than half the pulpits in our land there hangs the ban of excommunication if a single page of God's Word be applied against slavery; the thing must not be mentioned, and a politic silence prevails. The drums of God's Word are muffled, and they beat a funeral march instead of a Gospel onset. Our conservative Christians have turned sextons; they are for burying the truth instead of publishing it. Their whole terror is against the living truth; dead men's bones and all uncleanness have less that is repulsive for them than rousing, cutting and exciting truth—the truth of God, that brings religion into their cotton speculation and their politics. My people ask counsel at their *stocks*, and their staff declareth unto them. Ephraim is a merchant; the balances of deceit are in his hands; *he loveth to oppress.* Yet he saith, I am become rich; I have found me out substance; in all my labours they shall find none iniquity in me that were sin. There may be iniquity in the abstract, but nothing is sin *per se*, if there be great profit in it; and when the pecuniary interest of any wicked system becomes vast, there are prophets enough to justify Ephraim in its preservation. Now, then, let such dead as these bury their dead, but the Gospel is not to walk as a mourner at the grave digger's bidding. Preach thou the kingdom of God. Undertakers for the dead; preachers for the living. Let not the first presume to give instructions to the last. It is a different process, that of nailing up truth in coffins and putting it five feet under ground, lest it be a stench in the nostrils of cotton merchants, and that of revealing its grand and noble forms, as glorious living messengers from the Lord Almighty. We walk with angels, not with dead men; we take counsel of living, beating hearts, not dead bones and purses. To those who conceal or sell the truth for a present expediency, and handle God's Word by profit and loss, God gives in receipt, a whirlwind: Ye shall be ashamed of your revenues, says He, because of the fierce anger of the Lord. And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter, should not a people seek unto their God? Will they dare to seek for the living to the dead? To the law and to the testimony. If your leaders speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.

ADDRESS,

Adopted at the Jerry Rescue Convention at Syracuse, October 1, 1856.

[REPORTED BY GERRIT SMITH.]

OUR COUNTRYMEN: Five years ago this day, a great lesson was taught in this lesson-favoured city of Syracuse. It was, THAT RIGHT IS LAW, AND THAT WRONG IS NO LAW.

Every man is under law—under law to the right. So is God himself. Well may it be said, that we are crowned with glory and honour, and are made even in the image of God, since we are to adjust all our thoughts and words and deeds—all ourselves—to the same law which controls our Maker. For infinite must be the dignity of those who are made capable of obeying, and of loving to obey, the same law which God obeys; and who are, therefore, fellow subjects with God Himself.

The lesson that was taught in Syracuse—the lesson, that there is law in that only which is right—needs to be taught everywhere and continually.

Usage claims to be law, and exacts universal obedience. Hence war, the intoxicating bowl, land-monopoly, slavery, must not be questioned; for they stand in the authority of usage. But usage is not law; right only is law. Neither is a political government nor a religion necessarily law. When, therefore, our submission is claimed to the civil power, because it is the civil power; or to the Church, because it is the Church; or even to the Bible and Christianity, because they are the Bible and Christianity, we are bound to resist the claim. Simplicity and superstition may admit it, but reason rejects it. The childish, lazy, slavish habit of trusting without examining may admit it. But it is scorned by that manly independence and self-conscious responsibility which care not to inquire, "Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him?" nor to inquire what says the State or the Church, but only what is the right; nor what say even Christianity and the Bible, until they are first ascertained to be right.

This supreme inquiry after what is right is coming to obtain widely in our day. One of its happiest, though perhaps still distant effects will be the breaking up of party. For the individuality which prompts this inquiry is, in turn, promoted by it; and it is individuality—the cultivation of personal independence and personal responsibility—which loosens the bonds of party.

The Church will yet cease to be a party. Civil government will yet cease to be the creature and servant of party. Each will become the representative of that absolute right, which will yet be enthroned in the individual heart. How great, how blessed will be the revolution! We pray for it. We toil for it. We know, indeed, that Churches and governments will be swept away by it. But reason, and right, and religion, will remain: and it will be only the rubbish that has gone down stream. We say that religion must remain: for where reason and right are, there, and only there, is religion. True religion has no other basis, no other nourishment, than reason and right. The doctrine, that true faith is superiour to reason, or distinct from reason, is the doctrine of folly. The faith that is not identified with our sense and discernment of the right is the faith of fanaticism. At whatever point it wars with reason and right, or does not stand in them, our faith is but a superstition.

Whence is it, that though in all the world there should be not one sect, not one party, the world is full of sects and parties? It is because men do not worship at the common shrine of absolute right; and, what is more do not aim to. Even those of them who sincerely seek to follow the right only, do, with rare exceptions, allow others to judge for them what is right. They allow Presbyterianism, or Methodism, or some other *ism* to be their unquestioned guide and standard in the Church; and they allow the Constitution, or the Statute Book, or Judicial Opinions, to have the like control over them in the State. In other words, they allow authority, instead of right, to be their law.

A crazy world is this. The only wonder is that it is not more crazy. A crazy nation is this: and the only wonder is that it is not more so. What would become of the family, were the father to enjoin upon his children the right and duty to beat and kill one another? His injunctions in all other respects might be faultless. But this one injunction would nevertheless be sufficient to distract, demoralize and destroy the whole family. And what else could become of this nation—this superlatively guilty nation—than is becoming of it—than has indeed already become of it? The government of this political family enjoins the right and duty to enslave each other—which is worse than to murder each other. Admit that all its other injunctions are fraught with justice. Nevertheless, this one, which outrages all justice, is enough to breed the last degree of corruption and confusion.

The thousands of men who were gathered in Syracuse, on the first day of October, 1851, did what they believed to be right. They rose above their education. They rose up out of their accustomed submission to authority. They had been taught to obey whatever the State enjoins. They had heard the ten thousand claims, that the Bible justifies slavery. But what cared they now for these claims and these teachings? Education never entirely supplants the nature—never entirely conquers the heart. And now, when an occasion had risen, which threw these men back upon their very instincts and upon their naked selves, they had to judge out of their own unsupplanted nature, and out of their own unconquered hearts, what it was right for them to do. A judgment from such a source is not to be disobeyed; and promptly and successfully did they execute it. They believed it was right to rescue their brother out of the hands of kidnappers, and they delayed not to utter this belief in action, and to translate the faith of their hearts into the work of their hands.

To have tried to stay those multitudes, as they moved forward to the rescue of Jerry, by telling them that slavery is in the Statute Book, or that it is in the Constitution, or even that it is in the Bible, would have been altogether vain. Nothing in that great and solemn and responsible hour of their lives would have availed to break their allegiance to the law of right, nor to supplant their own judgment of what is right.

How happy were there a dozen Jerry Rescues every year! Then would two or three years suffice to cure men of the folly of acknowledging *the forms* of law for slavery to be law. The forms of law are nothing without the soul of law—and right alone is the soul of law. Not less happy would it be were the instances multiplied a hundred fold, in which indignant men and women dash in pieces the casks and bottles of the drunkard-maker. Instances so numerous would effectually teach our stupid legislators and stupid judges, that there can be no legal shelter for intoxicating liquors that are offered for sale for drinks; and they would also effectually teach the people not to make choice of such stupid legislators and judges as confound with law the greatest and most glaring of all nuisances.

Such are some of the ways for educating both government and people, and for bringing them to distinguish between law and anti-law, and to learn that right alone can be law. What if by these ways of resistance to government—what if by such rebellion—government should be overturned? There would be no loss. It would be only a usurpation, not a government, that would be overturned. True government represents, asserts, enforces right. And that is not government, which is the machine and protector of slaveholders and drunkard-makers. Neither this Nation, nor any State in it, enjoys a civil government. The so-called civil governments of this country and other countries, so far from being the protectors of human rights, are conspiracies against them.

We add, that rebellion toward our spurious Churches is as much demanded as towards our spurious governments; and that all Churches are spurious which accord the obligations and sacredness of law to the traffic in human beings or intoxicating drinks.

Church members, like other men, are generally atheists. Their habitual submission to authority involves them in atheism. It is only uncompromising obedience to the right that is not atheism. God is disowned by all those who suffer the Statute Book or the Constitution, or even the Bible, to

ple; that the calls for aid, the invoking of sympathy in behalf of Nicaragua, were to respond to human claims, and that he, William Walker was not the object in view, but the good of a people and the advancement of Freedom and Humanity. This was the firm belief of his adherents, who were willing to ignore much that was vital in their own views in the immediate, in the hope of an ultimate good in the future. They had faith in the man Walker; they believed in his singleness of purpose; they had hoped, as time consolidated his position, that large and liberal statesman-like measures would ensue. Opportunity, such as rarely falls to the lot of a single man, was offered him for a career at once wise, liberal and noble.

It is not too much to say that these expectations of his friends and well-wishers have been grievously disappointed by the recent decrees of Gen. Walker. He has betrayed them without scruple. He has thrown himself unblushingly into the arms of Pierre Soulé who has induced him to throw all his influence, all his political and territorial power into the hands of Southern demagogues and slaveholders.

In doing this, William Walker has lost his best and only chance of being a great man. He is nothing now but a tool and adventurer. He is level with the times, and level "at low water-mark." He has shown himself incapable of thinking for himself, incapable of seeing an inch beyond the length of his own nose.

* * * * * * * *

The native inhabitants will bitterly oppose the introduction of slavery. There is a large population of a mixed blood. Spanish, and Negro, and Indian have all amalgamated; and should there be an attempt, as there undoubtedly will be, to enforce the decree, a war of races will be the result—as fatal, as deadly and protracted as that which deluged the beautiful Island of St. Domingo with blood.

In all these matters, Gen. Walker has shown himself deficient in penetration, and without principle or reliability. His arms and ammunition, his most effective supporters and best soldiers, have been supplied from the North. It has been the policy of his Northern agents to send him out men who should become permanent settlers. Artisans and agriculturists have gone there with their families—Germans and Swiss, who, fleeing from oppression abroad, will be bitterly disappointed to find the slave-block in the land of their adoption.

More than this: Slave Labour and Free Labour cannot by any possibility be made to exist and flourish side by side. The one degrades the other. The white workingman is despised by slave and master, and an object of distrust and aversion to the latter. Now, Gen. Walker found himself in a field where he might have established an almost patriarchal authority over a people who had looked to him for relief in their weary years of anarchy and confusion, and over a race naturally dependent and laborious. Thus does selfishness and

"Vaulting ambition overleap itself."

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ONE OF THE DECEIVED.

From The St. Louis Pilot, October 15.

We have received from S. A. Lackridge, Esq., who is the authorized agent of the Nicaraguan Government for enlisting companies of emigrants for that country, the following communication, which he desires us to make public, and to call attention

"I have made arrangements with Morgan & Garrison's line of New Orleans steamers to take emigrants to Nicaragua from New Orleans direct to San Juan. On the 27th of this month emigrants can have a free passage by transferring one hundred acres of the large grant of land offered them by the Nicaraguan Government to settle in Central America. All expenses from New Orleans to Granada, Nicaragua, are paid for them. This can be relied on. The fine steamer Tennessee sails as above. I hope a number will turn out in St. Louis, as we want the same kind of boys that went with Col. Doniphan to Mexico—men who are good citizens, but who know how to fight if necessary, being A No. 1 soldiers. Will not some enterprising young man take it in hand and raise a company? Funds sufficient to pay passage to New Orleans is all that is required in advance. There is a fine field opening to all who will go to that country at this time. Late accounts are favourable, and no one can doubt of the ultimate success of Walker in Americanizing that country. If time permitted me, I would say something of the soil, climate and general productions of that favoured land, which is destined to become one of vital importance to the South and West, both in a commercial and political point of view. But I presume the public are sufficiently informed on this subject. Remember, the steamer sails on the 27th of October from New Orleans."

THE BOND OF UNION.

THE Richmond *Enquirer* has discovered that Southern slavery is all that keeps this Union together. It says:

"Our Union would not have lasted twenty years but for Southern slavery. * * Slavery, and nothing but slavery, has preserved our Union so far, or can preserve it hereafter. *Without this institution there would be no good reason for keeping together a Confederation so inconveniently large.*"

There is more truth than poetry in all this. So far as the South is concerned, slavery is, unquestionably, the chief bond of Union. The Southern slaveholders know perfectly well that the Union is their only safeguard—that the guarantees of the Constitution are all that fortifies slavery against assault from without and insurrection at home—and that the power of the Federal Government is all they can rely upon for the accomplishment of the schemes they have in view for the future.

It is only by the Federal power that they can secure the extension of slavery into new Territories; for if the Federal troops had not interfered in aid of the Border Ruffians, the settlers of Kansas would have driven them out of the Territory and vindicated their right to form and regulate their own institutions in their own way. It is only by the power of the Union that the South expect to conquer Cuba—to annex Central America and make further acquisitions of territory from Mexico. The leading minds at the South—those who have control of its political fortunes and who shape its political future—are scheming for the formation of a great Southern Confederacy, to embrace not only the existing slave States but whatever additional territory they can get both South and North. And they intend, if necessary, to *force* the national Government into wars which shall end in large acquisitions of foreign soil. *It is this hope which keeps them in the Union.* Whenever they shall have accomplished this object—whenever, by the power of the Federal Government, they shall have annexed Cuba, Central America and Mexico, then they will be ready to dissolve and set up a Southern Confederacy for themselves. They want new slave States to give them *power in Congress* for the accomplishment of these purposes. This is the great motive of their extreme anxiety to make Kansas a slave State. Mr. Taber, the Editor of the Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury*, who was recently killed in a duel, and who was one of the boldest, frankest and most daring champions of the slave interest, made a speech in South Carolina not long before his death in which he said:

"What are we to do? Look on the map for Kansas. See the post she occupies. The North has sixteen States, the South fifteen. Give them Kansas—they have two more votes in the Senate, and the whole country becomes abolitionized. The same cry swells from Maine to Iowa—'No more slave States.' Let that cry be the precursor of success to its utterers, and *farewell to the bright anticipations, the fond dreams for the future of Southern institutions, which we have looked forward to seeing them embraced in* THE ARMS OF A SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, *and proudly during the world to strike.* Kansas lies at the very gate of the West—on the route of the great Pacific Railroad—she stands out a very promontory in the Union. If Kansas is made free, where next can slavery advance to the West?"

These are the projects that make the Federal Union a *necessity* for the slaveholding interest. Until they are accomplished, not one of the most ultra of the fire-eaters of the South will seriously entertain a thought of disunion. The *Enquirer's* article, admitting that slavery is the bond of Union, is a complete and conclusive refutation and abandonment of all the threats of dissolution that have been uttered in the Southern States.—*Times.*

SLAVERY MAKES INFIDELS.

INDIANA, Sept. 10, 1856.

To the Editors of The Independent.

THERE is one aspect of the slavery question, of a deeply serious character, which has not often been alluded to by writers and speakers. I refer to its connection with infidelity. Few, probably, are aware of the extent to which the cold conservatism of the past, not to speak of open advocacy of slavery on Scriptural grounds, has led men to doubt or reject the Divine authority of the Bible. It has been my lot, for the last twenty years, to meet persons of this description, and I declare it as my sincere conviction that the infidelity of the age is largely derived from the supposed consistency of Christianity with the practice of slaveholding. So far as my observation extends, skeptics are, or have been until recently, under the impression that the Bible justifies human slavery, and their inference is that it cannot be from God. What more natural and rational conclusion. If Jefferson trembled for his country, when he thought that God is just, in view of the enormous injustice of the slave system, how much more may we tremble for Christianity, when it becomes itsapologist and defender. Let those "South-side View" preachers and professors, who have not considered the matter in this light, open their eyes to the undeniable fact that infidelity gloats upon their admission that slavery is sanctioned by Revelation. Let them consider how many deluded men, judging of the Bible more by its interpreters than by its own teachings, have been, and are now, bewildered by the zeal of Christian men put forth in behalf of American slavery, and the venom with which they pursue the defenders of universal freedom. When Christian ministers abjure the plainest teachings of common sense, in sustaining the slave institution; when, with the language of piety on their lips, they are recreant to every obligation of religion, so far as to vindicate on Scriptural grounds the right to hold the African race in bondage, and the consistency of oppression with religious character, what wonder that men should be disgusted, and exclaim, "Away with such religion. It is priestcraft. However good in some respects, in this it is no better than rank paganism." What wonder that the obligations of piety should rest feebly upon their consciences, when men of reputed sanctity claim Christ as the friend and upholder of oppression. Persons of well-informed minds, it is true, will discriminate between religion as taught in the Scriptures and as imperfectly and unworthily interpreted by its professors, and will not draw rash inferences, affecting so materially their highest interests. But all men are not of this description; and while it is painfully evident that by nature they are at enmity with the Gospel, it is to be expected that many will take every opportunity to pervert the Word of God, and wrest it to their own destruction. Let this be fully conceded, as well as the enormous guilt, the utter inexcusableness of those who thus rush blindfold into unbelief. But the responsibility stops not with them. If gainsayers are made bold by the zeal of Christian men in behalf of slavery; if they are led to believe that the Gospel ignores the claims of the oppressed, and refuses them her sympathy, and requires us to be silent about their wrongs, is there no responsibility upon those who thus weaken her defences, and expose her to attack?

I am impelled by the strength of my convictions to call attention to the fact that the Church has raised up infidel enemies by the evident leaning of many of her leading minds, if not to an open advocacy of the rights of the master, at least to a criminal silence and inaction with regard to the wrongs of the slave. I have in my mind examples of this character, and I could name the clergymen who, more than all other men, were instrumental in driving some of them into unbelief more than twenty years ago. I told them then, you will drive these men into infidelity. You acknowledge that, abstractly considered, anti-slavery principles are right; you cannot, then, set Christianity in opposition to what you call abstract right, which is only another name for eternal and immutable truth, without shaking the foundations of their religious faith. They cannot and they will not receive, and love, and cherish as from God, a religion that allows men to impose the yoke upon the neck of their fellows; that sanctions outrage upon human rights, in the persons even of the least of God's children; that will not freely and heartily lend its sympathy and advocacy openly and boldly to the cause of the oppressed.

Many of those who then were forced—yes, I do not hesitate to say absolutely forced—from the Church have been, from time to time, reclaimed, as they have come to the light. But some, alas! appear to be utterly irreclaimable, among whom are men who would never have thought of abjuring their Christian faith, had they not first been driven from the sympathies of Christian people. * * *

T., OF C.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1856.

DONATIONS.

WE are obliged, about once in a year, to ask for aid to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and it usually happens at this season. We hope, therefore, that the friends of the Society are looking out for such an appeal, and will be ready, now that it comes, to respond to it heartily and promptly. The Anti-Slavery cause should surely find its supporters as earnest and zealous to contribute "material aid" for its advancement as politicians are for the success of their tickets. These are pouring out their money like water; in that respect, at least, we shall be glad to see the Abolitionists in unity with the Republicans, and even with the Buchaneers.

The Treasury is exhausted; there are pledges made to the Society six months ago still unpaid; donations are needed, and will be welcome, in large sums or in small; and we appeal to everybody for help.

Address FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, or S. H. GAY, New York.

THE BULWARK OF SLAVERY.

WE have shown in a former article,* on the testimony of Judge Stroud (an impartial witness, whose testimony has never been impeached), what slavery is by law, and in the actual practice of the Southern courts. With this Mrs. Stowe's representation of slavery, in "Dred," exactly agrees, showing, for instance, that the paper signed by the owner of a slave, promising him his freedom on payment of a stipulated sum, is absolutely valueless in law, because a slave can make no contract; being himself merely a negotiable article, he cannot negotiate. In regard, therefore, to law, and to legal transactions, Mrs. Stowe's representations coincide precisely with the highest legal authority, the statutes of the slave States themselves.

If now we wish to assure ourselves whether Mrs. Stowe has correctly depicted the relation of *the Church*, North and South, to slavery, we must refer, in that department also, to the highest original sources, namely, to such clergymen as are *primi inter pares*, eminent in position, and obviously accepted by the clergy and churches of their respective denominations, in the various sections of the country, as Christians and Christian ministers. Such are Drs. Blagden and South-Side Adams of Boston, Dr. Lord of Dartmouth College, Dr. Rice of St. Louis, Dr. Fuller and Bishop Meade of Virginia, and Rev. C. C. Jones of Georgia. The published opinions of all these, representing slavery as entirely accordant with the Christian religion, are before the world, and most, if not all of them have been quoted and commented on in this paper.

In addition to the elaborate pro-slavery arguments of individuals so weighty and influential as the above, we have the testimony to the same effect of various ecclesiastical bodies with which these clergymen are in full communion. For instance:

The Harmony Presbytery of South Carolina voted that slavery is an innocent and lawful relation;

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church voted that coloured members of churches should not be allowed to give testimony in the churches against white members;

The Mississippi Presbytery, and the Amity Presbytery of Louisiana, voted that slaves ought not to be taught to read;

The Savannah River Baptist Association, and the Shiloh Baptist Association, voted that husbands and wives might be separated by sale, and both be allowed to take new partners as often as the separation was repeated.

These are but specimens of great numbers of such decisions. And this pro-slavery position of the Northern and Southern Church and clergy has been accurately represented by Mrs. Stowe, in the characters of Mr. Jekyl and Drs. Cushing, Packthread, Calker and Baskum. These are represented as fulfilling, by their speech and action, the prophecy of Judge Clayton that they would oppose every unpopular reform, value the interests of their respective churches above justice and righteousness, and retain all the particular acts of oppression of which slavery consists, as means indispensable to the accomplishment of their fixed purpose, the continuance of slavery itself. We can hardly resist the temptation to quote long passages from "Dred" in illustration of this point, but everybody will read the book, and see for himself the correctness of the picture.

The clergy of the South strongly desire and actively support the continuance of slavery, and a few Northern clergymen unite in these wishes and efforts. The majority of the Northern clergy feel no such wish, and make no such effort, but yet occupy a pro-slavery position, namely; to preserve peace and quiet in their respective denominations, they denounce agitation *against* slavery, while by their church fraternization with slaveholders, slave-traders and slave-breeders, and their constant recognition of such persons as Christians and ministers *of the Gospel*, they show the need of such agitation not less for the purification of the Church than the emancipation of the slave. Thus this numerous and influential body of men are pro-slavery by position though not at all so in desire. They want quiet, and are willing to purchase it by sacrificing not only the rights of the slave but the purity of their own body.

There is, however, a small number of Northern clergymen of the popular or "Evangelical" class, who, having been aroused to see both the disadvantage and the unworthiness of the Church's position, and feeling keenly the justice of the reproaches cast from without upon her, and upon themselves as her leaders, are strongly desirous of making a movement in the opposite direction. *They* also prize highly, much too highly, the peace of the Church; *they* also are entangled in an acknowledgment of long standing, that slaveholders, slave-traders and slave-breeders, determined to continue such, may nevertheless be Christians; *they* also are very averse to confess openly that themselves, and their Church (which they would fain have considered as the true "Church of Christ"), have all along been in the wrong about this matter. But they see the absolute necessity of doing *something* in the opposite direction, and they *are* doing something.

Conspicuous among this small class is the Beecher family. Of distinguished ability, high reputation for piety, and great influence with the Churches, they have special advantages for leadership in this matter; yet, such is the weight of inertia and conservatism against which they have to strive, that nothing less than their strenuous exertions could have secured so many as 3,050 clerical signatures even to a movement so moderate as the remonstrance (in 1854) against the Nebraska bill. For when that same 3,050, the spiritual guides of New England, were further urged to call a Convention of all the ministers of New England for deliberation and action upon the subject of slavery, this movement was too great for them. The committee which they appointed to "consider the expediency" of this measure, after taking ample time to consider the leadings of Providence in regard to it, reported that, in their judgment, *any action of the clergy as a body, upon that subject, was uncalled for and undesirable*, and the 3,050 ministers accepted the report without question, and continued in their quiescent position. This was to be expected. But the noticeable fact is that the Beechers and Professor Stowe, the movement party, the advance guard in this matter, retain the same position with the time-serving multitude of their clerical brethren. Earnest and active in efforts that *Kansas* may be made as free as Massachusetts (that is, free from the continuous residence of slaves, though not from the liability of fugitives to reënslavement), they make no effort to arouse the Church to excommunicate the institution of slavery, which is now cherished in its bosom, and take no such position in relation to it themselves; but, on the other hand, they acknowledge the most thoroughly pro-slavery among their clerical brethren, such as Doctors Blagden and Adams, to be really Christians and ministers *of the Gospel*, maintain the most intimate Church relations, not only with them, but with actual buyers, sellers and breeders of slaves, and hold the difference, whether theoretical or practical, between themselves and those parties, as in no wise forfeiting the claim of the latter to recognition as Christians.

Under these circumstances, the faithfulness with which Mrs. Stowe has exposed the corruption of a Church of which her father, brothers and husband are constituent parts, deserves the highest praise. If she does not yet take the further step which her hero, Edward Clayton, felt bound in conscience to take, and withdraw her membership from a pro-slavery Church, as he did his from a pro-slavery bar, it is fair to presume that she delays for the purpose of actively keeping up in the Church the agitation which she has commenced, and forcing that sluggish body, as far as her power extends, to seek purity for the sake of peace, if for no better reason.

* See STANDARD of October 11th.

THE PRACTICABILITY OF DISSOLUTION.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD of September 27 contains a letter from its Dublin Correspondent, propounding a question to American Abolitionists, pregnant with interest, and especially pertinent in the present aspect of our cause. There is a constantly increasing necessity that each active labourer should be prepared to meet it, for it will encounter him at every turn in his intercourse with the people. He asks to be informed of the method by which we would propose to accomplish that dissolution of the Union which we seek, and of its practicability as a political measure.

With an undeviating belief that "where there is a will there is a way" in human affairs, Abolitionists have been so engrossed by the labour to be performed in engendering this will, in a population so corrupted by the influences of slavery as to be ignorant of, and indifferent to, their individual complicity with the monster crime, that now they scarcely realize the demand which has arisen, to have them indicate *the way*, in the altered condition of affairs which has resulted from their efforts. They have conquered the apathy, and the indifference to the existence of slavery, in which the whole nation slumbered only thirty years ago. The people of the non-slaveowning States are now fairly aroused, even though controlled at present, as a whole, by the lowest possible morality compatible with a desire for the removal of slavery; and the agitation which has effected this much can by no means be quieted whilst the crime continues. As yet, they are hoodwinked and deceived by demagogues and politicians, and their generous impulses to do something for the overthrow of slavery are seized upon and applied by these in direct support of the iniquity, that thereby their leaders may ride into place and power. But the very arguments in the mouths of political aspirants, which have been made necessary to the achievement of success at the North by the anti-slavery movement, are rapidly preparing the public mind for an actual instead of a pretended contest with the Slave Power, and the inquiry of our Dublin friend is but the echo of one which continually greets the ears of his trans-Atlantic coadjutors. And HE will be the most efficient friend of the slave who shall answer it most wisely.

Is the difficulty which R. D. Webb apprehends from the complication of the material interests of the different sections, and the physical geography of the country, in the way of a dissolution of this Confederacy, actual and insuperable? The laws of trade have a deeper basis than the political institutions of a nation, and might safely be trusted to adjust themselves, in the altered condition of things under contemplation. In our circumstances, the only real obstacle exists in the will of the people, and as the state of public sentiment depends partly upon an unenlightened veneration for the Union, into which they have thoughtlessly permitted themselves to be educated, and in part upon the influence of political leaders who encourage and employ it in a great measure through motives of personal aggrandizement, it follows that a contrary system of education will produce opposite results, and it is to afford this that Abolitionists have hitherto quite successfully applied themselves.

Let us look at dissolution as a practical question, by secession of individual States as the mode of operation, and endeavour to discover what are the real difficulties before us. Take, for an example, the State of Ohio. The rightful object of all government is admitted by a Republican people to be the protection of person and property. Now, upon her own soil, the citizen of Ohio does not derive the slightest protection to person or property from the existence, or through the influence, of the General Government; almost as little, beyond her jurisdiction, and, positively, none at all, if he exercise freedom of speech or opinion, in that portion of our country where slaveowning is the custom. The principal result of his allegiance to the Federal Government is to make him a party in the crime of slaveholding, by arraying his physical, pecuniary and moral influence on the side of the slaveowner and against the slave. Whatever of protection or benefit of any sort which he now receives from government, he derives from his own State institutions. In the event of a dissolution then, he will continue to enjoy all the advantages from government which he now possesses, and will be released from participation in a heinous crime. Ohio now numbers about two millions of souls. In the compactness of her territory, density of population, public improvements, physical power and intelligence of her people, she is abundantly able to sustain herself against every influence in the wide world which can have a motive to assail her, and vastly more so than were the thirteen United Colonies at the era of their separation from Great Britain. Suppose her people prepared to elect a Legislature, which should provide for an alteration of the State Constitution, only so far as to withdraw the test of colour in the qualifications of voters, and forbid, instead of require, from her officials, an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. Suppose these Legislators to be instructed to omit the election of United States Senators, and not to provide for the election of members of the House of Representatives. By this simple process she would be without the pale of the Union, without any overt act which could warrant interference by the General Government, except the refusal to permit the oath to the Constitution. There would then be but three other points at which there would be a liability for an administration, which even desired it, to come into collision with the State Authorities. The first of these might be the attempted enforcement of the Fugitive Slave bill. Against this, however, the people almost to a man are individually in rebellion, outside of the city of Cincinnati, and secession would not make that matter any worse than at present. The custom-houses would be the second point at which collision would be possible; but the foreign commerce of the State is so little important, that a patriotic and truly conscientious people could dispense with it and not feel the sacrifice. The third point would be the Post-Office arrangements. Citizens of Ohio now pay the Government more than it need cost to transport and deliver the mails, and if the present facilities were attempted to be withdrawn they could be replaced at a cheaper rate, although the difference would be too small to make it an object to do so, if the other party consented to continue present arrangements.

What could President Fremont or President Buchanan do in the circumstances? Everybody can see that Ohio could not be coerced back into the Union, and that no man nor set of men would be insane enough to be likely to attempt it. Nor would there be room for internal anarchy and confusion. The State institutions would continue to supply to the individual all the advantages he expects or receives from Government. The consequence would be the other free States would crystalize around her, as the nucleus of a Confederation consecrated to freedom, and the slave States be compelled, by regard for their own safety, to commence immediately the measure of emancipation.

That these are the consequences which may rationally be anticipated from the event of a dissolution, we are assured by the the slaveowners themselves, when testifying in their lucid moments. "A dissolution of the Union would be a dissolution of slavery, and any sensible man can see it" was the assertion of a member of the Slave Power, upon the floor of Congress. By pledging the whole physical force of the Union to put down domestic insurrections and against foreign invasions, the Constitution has placed the slave beyond the reach of assistance by the political action of friends within the nation, and rendered him hopeless of aid from without, and made it impossible that more than two parties upon the question of freedom can ever subsist under the Government, however numerous may be the factions into which one of these may divide. In the one will be found the slaves and the Abolitionists, who are disfranchised for conscience sake, and in the other the several divisions of a party, which, differing in detail, is ever a unit in the absolute support of slavery. Democrats, Americans and Republicans, are alike pledged to the master against the slave, and, while loyal to the Government, *must* aid to continue his bonds. A right comprehension of the spirit and intent of the Government, and of the facts which have transpired under its operation, can leave no doubt in the mind of any, that only by the power thus pledged and exercised in behalf of the oppressor, has it been possible to perpetuate slavery until this day. A rehearsal of all the facts in connection with attempted slave insurrections, if it could be truly given, would substantiate this view. A few only of these may here be offered. In 1831, a few ignorant and badly armed negroes, for a time placed the whole power of Virginia at defiance, and were only subdued by the interposition of the Federal forces. Trivial as was this affair, in Southampton, under the leadership of Nat Turner, so far as the numbers engaged, and the preparations entered into, were concerned, its immediate effect was to bring the proud State of Virginia to the very verge of emancipation, as all may be satisfied was the effect, who will refer to the debates in the Legislature of the State, in 1832, the ensuing year. And had it not been for the pledge to the slaveowners of the whole power of the Union in their behalf, and the example of its exercise in that instance, it is reasonable to believe that even Nat Turner's ill-conceived outbreak, would have sufficed to work the overthrow of slavery in Virginia, at that time, and, as a consequence, in all the other slave States also.

What is there impracticable in attempting a dissolution by the mode thus shadowed out? Is the obstacle to be apprehended in the opposition or indifference of the people? Fathom the sentiments of those politically opposed to the extension of slavery, and, as individuals, except the aspirants for place and power, no objection will be found to exist to the measure. It is only as partisans and not through any principle, the people oppose. Influential political leaders, and influential presses constitute the real and serious opposition to be overcome, and they, by the arguments which anti-slavery progress has made necessary to their position, are continually aiding in the overthrow of their own influence upon this question. Rapid change has been effected in this regard in the past few years, and the causes of this change are acting with a constantly increasing momentum. The labour of preparing the people for the reception of the new idea will be as nothing, when fairly taken in hand, compared with that which it has required to overcome their original indifference to the question. There are ten men, who might be named in Ohio, with the assistance of five presses, including the New York *Tribune*, who might, if they gave their influence to it, carry a majority of her voters for the measure of secession within three years. It will take a longer time, of course, with the influence of all these in opposition. Yet the result is sure to come at no distant day, if the effort be wisely and persistently made. Whatever preparation for it has yet been wrought, has been chiefly incidental, and is not the effect of direct labour towards that object. The demand which is coming up from the people for some plan of acting against the institution of slavery itself, instead of the tedious and uncertain process of waiting for it to die out, after limiting its extension, will compel the Abolitionists to propose it to them in some form. It is easy to convince them that it is only through the power of the Union that slavery can be upheld, or has been continued thus long, and that when this Union shall be severed it must of necessity come to an end. It is as easy to satisfy them that by reliance upon their State government alone, they incur no risk of anarchy, but will continue in possession of all the advantages they expect or require from government. The danger of interference with a State possessed of the power of Ohio, New York or Massachusetts, simply because she refuses longer to be an accomplice in the guilt of slaveholding, will readily be seen to be imaginary. Concert of action by those who advocate dissolution, and directed chiefly upon one of the best prepared or best situated States, say Massachusetts or Ohio, will not be long in demonstrating the practicability of the scheme, and with one important State taking the lead, the whole of the free States will not be slow to follow. These suggestions are thrown out less as an answer to the question of R. D. Webb than as a provocative to thought and discussion by others.

A. B.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

A LETTER TO SAMUEL J. MAY.

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY—*My Dear Friend and Brother:* You regard the success of the Republican party, in the approaching Presidential election, as all vital to the welfare of our country.

It is not surprising that yourself, with many others, view the present condition and opening prospects of our nation with apprehension and alarm. We are in the midst of misrule, of folly and falsehood, of usurpation and outrage. Slavery has assailed and trodden down the coloured millions in our republic, unquestioned and unresisted, until, like all unbridled rapacity and cruelty the world over, it has come to regard whatever it can reach as its own possession. It is intent upon seizing everything—consents to spare nothing. It prostrates black men to-day, and proceeds to smite down white men to-morrow. Our own near fellows, our neighbours, townsmen, kindred are molested and robbed, outraged and murdered, on territory long since gravely dedicated to freedom. The wanton, malignant, devilish atrocities which have drenched the soil of Kansas with blood, where in the annals of barbaric warfare will you find their parallel recorded? where on the face of the broad earth, to-day, are the savages that would not blush at the thought of their perpetration?

And all these things are done under the eye and with the full consent of the so called Government of our country, a Government which has all along, from the first day of its existence, cherished slavery as the apple of its eye, the pet darling of its affection. It has ministered, in all ways, solicitously, to its demands; it has nourished and protected and fortified it, to the utmost limits of its power. This Government, moreover, so far at least as represented in the present Administration and its nominated successor, is the creature of a heartless and reckless popular suffrage, maintained by the votes of a herd of profligate wretches, who know little and care less for truth and justice, who are ever ready eagerly to shower their ballots on any man who will most effectually baptize an unbridled license of their own appetites and passions into the name of freedom, who will most adroitly invest in the apparent character, in the solemn show of order, their own lawlessness. Naught care they for justice, only give them a government under which they may have free democracy and free rum.

Amid such habitudes, such influences, such institutions, what may be expected in our country but growing misrule, increasing anarchy, fresh invasions, and new and even more atrocious outrages on justice and freedom? No rights are respected. How can they be, amid the usages of slavery? The freedom of every one of us is suspended, so far as it may be at all dependent upon aught without, on the merest caprice, and may be seized and wrested away at any moment that malignant wantonness may select.

We cast about us with anxious solicitude, seeking what, in this state of things, may be attempted, what, if aught, can be done. You enter the embrace of the Republican party; you desire me to do the same. I cannot follow you in that direction, for these, with other, reasons:

The Republican party has never, that I can learn, *consecrated itself to the Idea of Freedom.* In any enterprise that human hands may attempt, I have now for some years supposed that our effective strength, our substantial success, must be proportioned to the extent to which we receive into our thought and activity those great Ideas which inhabit and preside over human consciousness. These are the aliment, the life of our spirits; these enrich us with wisdom; these inspire us with resolve; these arm us with strength. They are to the intelligence, the affections, the active powers within us, like light to the eyes, like air to the lungs, like food to the frame. They are the proper element in which the soul lives and breathes; they are the sacred river in which it is bathed and baptized ever afresh in knowledge and freedom and power. For ideals of beauty and perfection the artist has toiled ceaselessly, eagerly, exhaustingly, and wrought sublimely. For ideals of excellence, of human enfranchisement, and human nobleness, the philanthropist has joyously borne trials and sufferings, has welcomed sacrifices, has accepted death.

These men drew from an overflowing fountain. They had meat to eat the world knew not of. Therefore they endeavoured and endured, they wrought and achieved. The aliment that nourished their souls, no considerations of popular favour, of outer success, no whimsies of fitful caprice, no stirrings of evanescent impulse, could ever for a single moment supply. That which is born of the flesh is flesh. They must needs eat celestial food—must feel, day by day, the inspiration of living Ideas. Anything short of earnest consecration, of decisive welcome in the human soul to these, anything like half-heartedness, like unfaithfulness, unveracity, must consign the individual man, the party of men as well, to fatal atrophy, to weakness, irresolution, inconsistency, to consequent embarrassment and failure.

The Idea of Justice, how elemental, all-comprehensive, all-authoritative! Its presence overshadows the world; it covers with its broad shield all men. Its claims are universal; it ignores geographic boundaries; it transcends parchment compacts; it summons, with a God's voice, the human soul to commiserate and succour the defenceless and the wronged everywhere. It matters not, in this regard, whether the perpetrators be or be not an organized society, professing or not professing to inflict the outrages of which they are guilty, in the solemn name and under the sacred cover of Law. They are conspirators and outlaws, pirates among men, to be dealt with accordingly. What shield of State sovereignty can cover crime, atrocity, murder?

To the Republican party in this country justice is a local affair, a thing limited and bounded by geographic lines, already long since, they tell us, brought into negotiation with injustice, and the clashing claims of the rivals, solemnly and for all time adjusted by certain compacts and compromises; so that slavery is a very proper institution in Georgia, but very improper in New York; entitled to the largest toleration—nay, to the utmost protection of the whole Federal power—in Missouri, but, on certain ballot-box conditions, to be repelled from Kansas! The whole problem of national legislation and rule in this country is to hold the scale even, giving no more to injustice than justice receives, and holding strong and steady curb on justice that it take only its portion of the possession which, according to the all-sovereign Constitution, it shares with injustice. Why, how can Mr. Fremont or any other most immaculate Republican do anything of substantial worth for freedom, while acting upon conceptions so utterly false to the great truth of things?

What can we have, as the fruit of such unveracities, but vacillation, imbecility, and, what happens invariably in all such cases, embarrassment, disaster and defeat? Any enterprise attempted under such auspices, no matter what numbers it summons and what shouts attend it, must be, from the hour of its birth, moon-struck, smitten with fatal disease, and prove itself utterly futile and fearfully expensive.

Will you divide the domain of human speech between veracity and falsehood, assigning to each its proper home, its appropriate sphere, extending to each alike the recognition of rights, according to both the same benign, powerful protection? Here truth strikes its roots, thrives, grows, blooms, gladdening the face of nature, rejoicing the sense and quickening the soul. There lies hatch and multiply, desolating the earth and poisoning the air, withering and blasting with malignant breath whatever they touch. But each has its own territory, where it is to be recognised as rightful and absolute! Truth must not o'erstep its bounds, must not enter the sovereign States built of lies. And lies are expected to keep to their limits, must not molest truth on its own soil, in its appropriate home.

What an absurdity to attempt to yoke these under a common government, to harmonize and blend their interests into one, and to baptize this forced contact into the name of "our glorious Union"!

Truth, by sovereign right, in the name and by the authority of the Most High God, claims and shall have the universe for its possession, and to assert for falsehood any other right save the somewhat elemental and comprehensive right to utter, unconditional and absolute extinction, is now, is forever, to be guilty of blasphemy; and to this right, solely, universally and inalienably, is slavery, under all its possible forms, modifications, circumstances, entitled.

Moreover, while I grant that numbers of philanthropic men in our country are to-day reposing their hopes upon the Republican party, I cannot escape the conclusion that the vast majority of the members of that party not only fail, but refuse to admit the American slave to a place in their regards. They occupy the attitude, which we find so abundantly illustrated, on the right and on the left, every day, of sinners, who, feeling somewhat the effects of their own wicked doing, are eager, at any expense save that of renouncing the cause of their troubles, to escape. Thus far, and no farther, they clamour out to the hideous fiend of slavery, which, overleaping its geographic enclosures, glares in their faces, and anon seizes and rends one and another from among them to pieces. "Let the South have their niggers," say they; "that's none of our affair; but slavery must not molest us." They have warmed and nourished the viper in their bosoms, and affect surprise that they are exposed to his bite. They have sown the wind, and complain that the harvest of whirlwinds is here. They are in fight against God, attempting to escape the penalty of the sin they still persist in committing. They shall not prosper. No salvation without repentance. All-blessed be God, there is no escape by any other door. Whoso attempts to climb up by another way is a thief and a robber, sure to meet the fate which appropriately belongs to such.

These, my brother, are to me cogent reasons for withholding my vote from the Republican party. I can belong to no party which counts numbers greater than truth, success higher than justice. For, guilty as such a party is of unfaithfulness, it is already prostrate with overthrow. I can belong to no party that, however open its ears to the cry of bleeding Kansas, has yet no heart of pity for the panting, flying bondman—no word of indignant renunciation of the demands of that atrocious abomination, the Fugitive Slave bill—that can yet turn its back in cold indifference upon the crushed millions whose wrongs, not recent and occasional merely, do already cover the ages and centuries of our people's history, and ever constant, yet ever fresh with new bitterness and cruelty, consume each moment of the livelong day, each day of the tardy year—whose blood, from gashed, quivering backs, is streaming warm, every day, upon our country's soil—whose screams of agony, whose shrieks of despair do every hour rend the air and pierce the heavens. For I find in such a party *no living human heart.* I cannot trust their professions; I cannot confide in them, even for the accomplishment of that which they claim to be ready in right earnest to attempt. Whenever I find men intent upon honouring their obligations to impartial, universal justice, penetrated, possessed and quickened, at least partially, by its benign all-sovereign Idea, in the name of the Most High God sworn to freedom, the determined foes of slavery wherever it exists on the broad face of the Republic, whatever the name these men bear, I am with them, arm and soul. To those who fail of this, whatever their profession or apparent attitude, however imposing their prestige, I may give my countenance and my ballot, never.

If cherished names, friends in whose wisdom and integrity I have confided long and largely, rush into the current that bears hither and thither headlong the giddy multitude, thus refusing to stand on what is for me the ground of integrity, fidelity, consistency, success, they must answer for themselves, as best they may, to the Infinite Truth and Justice. I cannot at all follow their steps in that direction.

Yours for the Right, CHAS. D. B. MILLS.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 21, 1856.

THE JERRY RESCUE.

LETTER FROM REV. M. D. CONWAY.

ON the first page will be found the admirable address, written by GERRIT SMITH and adopted by the Convention lately held at Syracuse to celebrate the anniversary of the "Rescue of Jerry." With great truth and pertinency is it therein declared that "God is disowned by all those who suffer the Statute Book, or the Constitution, *or even the Bible*, to override and displace their own sense of right;" and that, "When our submission is claimed to the civil power, because it is the civil power; or to the Church, because it is the Church; or even to the Bible and Christianity, because they are the Bible and Christianity; we are bound to resist the claim." This is radical doctrine, which goes to the root of popular superstition, priestcraft and government-craft.

The following letter, which was read at the celebration, was forwarded to us by our friend SAMUEL J. MAY. It will be read with general satisfaction.

PARSONAGE OF ALL-SOULS' CHURCH,
New York, Sept. 29th, 1856.

DEAR FRIEND MAY: Your letter and printed circular, inviting me to the celebration of the Rescue of Jerry, overtook me the other day on my Summer excursion eastward; but so long after it was written as to make it impossible for me to make arrangements to be with you on that interesting occasion.

I often find myself asking, who are the heroes of our generation? Every age must have an heroic element, inherited, as the trading, musical or warlike element, or the religious element are inherited. Who are the Pauls and Stephens, the hunted Arians, the Huguenots, the persistent persecuted of our day? And I must say that I can see no representative of this constant class except the Fugitive Slaves. Here are souls which still retain and shoot out the volcanic fires which have been seething at the world's core so long, and have made the strata of history full of fossil thrones and dogmas—the divine effort for free individual existence and development. These are heroes because they are so surrendered to a love of liberty, insane generalizers that they are, that they will risk all personal hardships, starvation and weariness, the almost sure encounter with the bloodhounds (quadruped and biped) which pursue them, to be free! It is remarkable that those negroes who have escaped slavery have not had the most cruel masters; indeed, in most instances, they have had the best usage, which, however, being the most elevating, is the most perilous to the master's hold. And so we must look as a reason for the stampedes to the same causes which led to the stampedes of the Israelites of old, or the Puritans of modern times; which show also the high and beautiful possibilities and instincts which are folded in these swarthy bosoms which furnish the gibe of weak minds and mean spirits.

After a score of con

MRS. STOWE IN SCOTLAND.

The following notice of Mrs. Stowe's movements in Scotland is from the Edinburgh *Scottish Press*, received by the steamer Atlantic, which arrived here on Tuesday. It will be seen that while she avows to the Scottish people her sympathy with the political movements against slavery, she yet commends to their favourable regard the mission of those who, through the American Anti-Slavery Society, "are upholding uncompromisingly the anti-slavery standard, and, by their earnest agitation in the van of public sentiment, *create the feeling which is the necessary foundation of all anti-slavery movements, whether political or benevolent.*"

From The Scottish Press.

MRS. STOWE IN EDINBURGH.

The recent visit of this lady has been of a very different character from her former one; she was very desirous to avoid all publicity and excitement, and thus to enjoy quietly with her family all the interests which Edinburgh and its neighbourhood present. Here friends favoured and her seclusion was further promoted by the appearance in the various papers of an erroneous paragraph, which stated that she had reached London on her return. Yet there were not wanting opportunities to prove that she still possessed her hold on the general feeling. She met several anti-slavery friends in social gatherings, and cheered them by her intelligence and hopes respecting the state of matters in America. Among others, she met the members of the Ladies' Emancipation Committee, and encouraged them to pursue their present course, for every honest effort is of the utmost value to the cause; she gave an interesting sketch of the different parties in the United States, and explained the relative importance of each. Sympathizing with the political movements now taking place, she dwelt strongly on what she considered the duty of supporting the anti-slavery Presidential candidate, from whose election she hopes for great results to the cause of the slave, not only in regard to the admission of Kansas, as an expression of public opinion, but also because the President has the appointment of persons to all the State offices, and to have all these filled with anti-slavery men would be of essential service. She, moreover, pointed out the important mission pursued by those Abolitionists of the American Anti-Slavery Society, who, outside of politics, are upholding uncompromisingly the anti-slavery standard, and, by their earnest agitation in the van of public sentiment, create the feeling which is the necessary foundation of all anti-slavery movements, whether political or benevolent. She expressed her gratitude to those who helped the cause in this country by donations for the help of the fugitives from slavery, as well as for the elevation of the coloured race, and by other similar tokens of sympathy, not forgetting those who gave their aid and testimony in support of the more comprehensive anti-slavery operations. Mrs. Stowe, though still in very delicate health, appeared stronger than on her former visit. She visited Roslin and Melrose, and finally left Edinburgh on Wednesday last for Newcastle, *en route* for Durham, York and London.

Convention of Southern Governors. — If we may believe the most reputable Southern journals, a recent attempt by Gov. Wise to get together in Convention, at Raleigh, North Carolina, the Governors of all the Southern States, to hatch some scheme to frighten the North in the event of Fremont's election, resulted in a mortifying failure. The Richmond *Whig* pours a tide of ridicule upon the discomfited Governor. Hear it:

We have waited long and patiently for some information in respect to what transpired at the novel Convention of Governors in the city of Raleigh. Nine of these fiery and brave defenders of the South, we hear, had previously written to Gov. Wise, who originated the meeting, promising to be present; but for some cause or other, all failed to attend except Governor Adams, of South Carolina, and the "*Gizzard-Foot*" Governor of Virginia. Why this caving in on the part of the seven pledged absentees, we know not, nor, we suspect, shall we ever know.

But there was, nevertheless, a Convention—a small one, it is true, but immensely able, patriotic, influential and determined. It was organized by the appointment of "*Gizzard-Foot*" as Chairman, and Adams as Secretary; and these two reckless and uproarious squatters upon the public crib having resolved themselves into a committee of the whole on the state of the Union, proceeded to the discharge of the important duty for which they had convened. This is about the sum and substance of what has reached the public ear in reference to the doings of that interesting and famous conference—except that "*Gizzard-Foot*" made a speech three hours in length, in which he proved to his own entire satisfaction that *he* was the man to intrust with the destinies of the South in this great crisis of its fate. He showed that he understood all about military science, and pointed to his successful leadership of the Accomac militia, and his frequent reviews of the volunteer companies of Richmond, for a confirmation of the fact. Adams, we hear, listened with absorbed and wrapt attention to "*Gizzard-Foot's*" learned, brilliant and charming harangue, and confessed himself an humble learner at the feet of Virginia's illustrious and valiant captain. It was thereupon resolved that, in the event of Fremont's election, Virginia and South Carolina should raise a company of a hundred men each, to be put under the command of the indomitable Wise, with full and plenary power to march against the Northern heathen at such time, in such manner, and at such a point as the inspirations of his military genius should suggest—whereupon, Gov. Wise arose and returned thanks to the Convention for the distinguished and well-merited honour thus conferred upon him by the Convention's flattering partiality and kindness, and swore by his beard, by his "*Ebo-Shins*," by his "*Gizzard-Feet*," by the wool and by the odour of Cuffee, to exterminate the pestiferous and infernal Yankees, or, to put on his overshoes, elevate his coat-tail, and make tracks for the safe, and distant, and peaceful peninsula of Accomac. And hereupon the Secretary stamped vigorously *too* times upon the floor, and scratched his head once, in token of the Convention's approbation of their chosen leader's pugnacious eloquence and appalling valour, and then the august gathering of Southern Governors adjourned to meet again after the "hurlyburly's done, and the battle's lost and won."

In conclusion, we may as well announce to our readers, for their personal gratification, that we have despatched a special correspondent to the Pan-Handle, who will forward to us, at the earliest moment, an accurate and reliable report of the progress and result of the anticipated great and momentous battle between the army of "*Gizzard-Foot*" and the army of the North.

PREACHING FOR THE TIMES.

A series of discourses on slavery, lately delivered on successive Sunday evenings by the Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Puritans in this city, has produced a very marked sensation in quarters scarcely penetrated before by the anti-slavery agitation. The spacious church has been crowded from week to week by audiences composed to a large extent of the wealthy and fashionable classes, whose ears were unaccustomed to the "certain sound" uttered by the gospel trumpet when blown by a minister with soul enkindled and inspired by the love of freedom. Dr. Cheever has treated the subject with great boldness and vigour. Taking the position that slavery is, in its very nature, a sin against God and a crime against humanity, he asserted the right and the duty of ministers to preach against it, especially at this time, when the people are asked to allow the system to be extended into the virgin territories of the West. Entrenching himself in the impregnable fortress of God's law, and pleading the example of the ancient prophets and of Christ and his Apostles, he swept away by the force of an irrefutable logic the miserable subterfuges by which a mealymouthed pulpit seeks to justify itself for neglecting to testify against the crowning oppression of the age. The Scriptural defences of slavery were proved to be an impious libel, a fraud upon the credulity of those who look to the pulpit for ethical instruction. Extracts from two of these discourses will be found on the first page. We may copy more hereafter.

Progressive Friends.—Within the last two months three Yearly Meetings of the religious body known as "Progressive Friends," or "Friends of Human Progress," have been held in different parts of the country. The first in the order of time was held at North Collins, Erie County, N. Y., on the 29th, 30th and 31st days of August, in the Presbyterian church, which was kindly opened for the purpose by its owners. Charles C. Kirby and Sarah A. Burtis acted as Secretaries. The number in attendance was large from first to last, and the discussions, which related to practical rather than theoretical Christianity, were very interesting and instructive. Joseph A. Dugdale's presence and labours were particularly welcome. The Ohio Yearly Meeting was held at Salem, Columbiana County, Sept. 6th, 7th and 8th. Oliver Johnson presided and Isaac Trescott and Rachel Harris acted as Clerks. Slavery, Intemperance (including Tobacco), War, Woman's Rights and Education were among the subjects discussed and acted upon. Parker Pillsbury, Joseph Barker, Joseph A. Dugdale, Rachel Harris, Thomas Whitson, Andrew T. Foss and others took part in the proceedings. The attendance was numerous. The Michigan Yearly Meeting was held at Battle Creek, Oct. 5th, 6th and 7th. The discussions were of the most searching character, embracing the usual topics of reform. Slavery, of course, received earnest attention. Henry C. Wright, Joseph A. Dugdale, Sojourner Truth and A. T. Foss were among those whose presence augmented the interest of the meeting.

The Progressive Friends are evidently increasing in numbers, and, what is better, augmenting in moral power. So long as they remain faithful to the great principles of humanity in which the movement had its origin, and continue to testify against every form of popular wickedness and labour for the welfare of the poor, the ignorant and the oppressed, they will secure the respect of every friend of pure and undefiled religion, while their example will be a potent rebuke to the time-serving sects by which they are surrounded.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXCVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent lamenteth his silence—But he defendeth it—Of his pilgrimage—And his companion—Of his political objects—And of his success—Of his personal objects—He praiseth the late Corresponding Editor—Yet, with a difference—He rebuketh the Gothamites and sticketh for the good name of Hendrik Hudson—He magnifieth Benedict Arnold—He groaneth in spirit over what did not happen—He resolveth to visit the scenes of his great action—He goeth to West Point—He speaketh evil of dignities—He describeth Arnold's Headquarters and reselleth what happened there, &c., &c., &c.

Boston, Oct. 27, 1856.

It is a good while since I wrote to you last and I hardly remember where I left off. I am afraid that many things may have happened which will never reach the immortality they deserve in consequence of my inopportune silence. But it happened through no neglect of your interests or those of the Movement you represent and express. Quite the contrary. Finding that nothing *would* happen hereabouts worthy of being inscribed on the eternity of your columns, I had to set out in search of something fit for your recording. So I prevailed on your late Corresponding Editor to join me in a short trip to your city and environs on a kind of tour of inspection. I had a double purpose in view—one public and general, and the other private and personal. The first, of course, was to look after the interests of our candidate, Mr. Buchanan, and to see that the Republic was like to suffer no detriment through neglect of his interests. I arrived in New York on the eve of the Pennsylvania Election; but did not find it necessary to proceed any nearer to the scene of action. It is unnecessary, not to say improper, to be particular as to the way in which I was able to influence that election. It is enough for me to know that my presence was sufficient to settle the question even at that distance. The country may now be considered safe, though far be it from me to assume the entire credit of its salvation. Posterity will award the civic crown to the best deserving. We consider the question as now virtually settled, and the arrangements, of which I told you, confidently, some time since, as in progress, are now hastening to a satisfactory conclusion. Mr. Garrison is making his preparations for the removal of his family and paper to Washington, so as to be in readiness to step into the Department of State immediately after the Fourth of March. He is in constant communication with Wheatlands, and, I may tell you in the strictest confidence, he is busily engaged at this moment upon the Inaugural Address. Of course, this will go no further.

My private and personal object was to recuperate my shattered health, which had suffered severely under the overwhelming cares of you Correspondence. The necessity of living in a crowded city, my mind kept in a state of constant tension by the continual observation I had to maintain upon passing events, together with the exhausting nature of the effort necessary for the composition of these Epistles which you demand of me, all together required a brief season of relaxation. An occasional visit to your late Corresponding Editor at his residence in Dedham, a town famous as the home of Fisher Ames and himself, was the only refreshment in which I have indulged myself during the Summer. For this gentleman, notwithstanding the just complaints I have had occasionally to make of him, and although I know perhaps more of his faults than anybody else, I have always entertained a warm regard. There are not many persons whose society I prefer to his, and none at all whose good opinion I so much value. I esteem him especially as a travelling companion. There are very few persons who can stand the test of even a short journey together; but with him, as a general thing, I agree perfectly well and therefore prefer his company when away from home to that of almost anybody else. We accordingly set off together, and, after a brief sojourn in your Gomorrah, proceeded up the North River, as you Gothamites profanely denominate the Hudson. When the discoverer of that grand stream had been obliging enough to have so good a patronymic and to have given it to its waters, it seems ungrateful as well as in bad taste, to call it out of its name. Just reflect that he might have been named Stubbs or Snooks, or, as a Dutchman, Ten Broeck, which is, being interpreted, Ten Breeches, and consider what you have escaped! But that is neither here nor there.

You know the tender regard I have always expressed for the memory and character of General Benedict Arnold. You well remember how my soul yearns towards him on the night between the Third of July and the Fourth. Had that gallant and well-intentioned, but unlucky officer only been able to carry his good intentions into effect, we should have been spared that dreadful holiday and more dreadful holi-*night*. We should have had no Polk, and no Pierce, and no Cushing, and no Jefferson Davis. In all probability we should have had no slavery at this time. It is almost too much for my philosophy when I consider what a miss we have had in the miss he made. As a tribute of respect and reverence for his memory and of my sense of the incalculable importance of the public services he was unfortunately hindered from doing to his country, I have always designed a dutiful pilgrimage to the scenes he has rendered historical by his great adventure. I had thought to myself more than once, that it was unnecessary to cross seas and mountains in search of scenes made illustrious by the history that had been acted upon them, when they might be found close and at hand and within eight or ten hours of steam. The Arnold and Andre drama has always seemed to me one of the most romantic as well as one of the most tragic in the whole range of history. And that it was enacted among the loveliest and noblest of scenery gave it an added interest in my eyes—which I had long ago determined should some day look upon those places that once knew those actors but which have long since known them no more. So I thought this occasion a favourable one for putting this plan into execution, and, as my friend and companion was entirely at one with me on this point, we lost no time in doing what had found favour in our eyes.

Of course, I made first for West Point, which was the fort of which my hero had command and which he was to deliver up to his confederated British General. It was precisely the loveliest day of the year. The touch of Autumn had given just their divinest glories to the woods which feathered those Delectable Mountains to their top. Nothing could surpass the tone of those tints of the dying year. But the mountains and the river were all that Arnold had looked upon seventy-six years ago. To be sure, there is the remains of Fort Clinton which then overlooked the Hudson as it does now; but that is all. All the rest is levelled and adapted to the purposes of the Military Academy. There was beauty in the exactness and perfection of all the arrangements of this institution. But the sense of it was dampened by the thought which would intrude, that the only service that body of fine lads was likely to see was the suppression of Freedom in such struggling States as Kansas and the conquest of the fresh worlds which slavery has already devoured with her eyes and in her heart. And talking of Traitors, I flatter myself I saw one there whom History will brand with even a blacker mark than popular prejudice has burned into the memory of Arnold. Or, if she does n't, she deserves the bad character Sir Robert Walpole gave her. I mean the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, who was there inspecting the School. When I thought of Kansas and of the wicked work he has mainly contrived and of the supremacy of slavery which it is the purpose of that bloody business to secure over us all, I could not but think how much farther the issues of his villany might extend than those of Arnold's crime could have reached. Arnold's success would have left us the rights of personal liberty and private property, and protected us in them by the power of the British Empire. And it would only have adjourned the Independence of these States. When the pear was ripe it must have dropped by the laws of political gravitation. But the Treason of poor Cat's-paw Pierce and of the conspirators that use him strikes at the heart of the negro through that of the white man and involves the rights of both in one general ruin.

But, bless my soul! I believe I am going to *preach*—a thing, you know, I never do, except occasionally in full canonicals and wagging my pow in your own editorial pulpit. So, to return to Arnold, I crossed the river and visited his Headquarters, at what is known in history as "Robinson's House." It stands perhaps a couple of miles below West Point and is preserved, by the good taste of its owner, as nearly as possible as it was at the time it became historical. Its situation, between the Sugarloaf and the Hudson, is one of singular beauty. There I stood in the very room in which Arnold was at breakfast with some of Washington's Staff, whom he (Washington) had sent on to tell him not to wait for him, when he received the despatch informing him of the arrest of Major Andre and of the instant ruin that impended over himself. It is a large room, with a low ceiling crossed by three beams, the fire-place side pannelled. Above is the chamber to which Arnold withdrew as soon as he saw his fate, and, sending for his wife, told her briefly of what had happened and of the necessity of his immediate flight. There he left her in a state of insensibility, when taking his pistols out of his holsters he proceeded with all speed to the river, where he took boat and rowed incontinently to the Vulture. To that room Washington went on the same day to try and soothe Mrs. Arnold who was distraught with grief and fear, and accused him of designing to murder herself and her baby. This house, too, witnessed his anxious fears and forebodings as he revolved in his altered mind how far the Treason might have extended, and considered, as he had asked Lafayette, "whom he could trust now?" There are very few historical houses left in the country, so little changed as this, and in which one can recall more vividly the events which passed within them. I honoured the feelings which have respected it so long, and felt a sense of personal obligation to all its successive owners for the care they had taken of it.

I have much more to tell of this my pilgrimage; but the inexorable post demands my letter, and, besides, it is as long as it ought to be. Perhaps, if nothing happens better worth telling, I will finish my story in my next epistle.

D. Y.

THE GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN SLAVERY AND FREEDOM, considered in two Speeches delivered before the American Anti-Slavery Society, at New York, May 7, 1856. By Theodore Parker. Phonographically Reported. Boston: B. H. Greene. Pp. 93.

We are glad to see these speeches, which appeared in The Standard immediately after their delivery, revised by the author and published in pamphlet form. Their titles are as follows, viz.: I. The Present Aspect of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, and of the Various Forces which work therein. II. The Present Crisis in American Affairs: the Slaveholders' Attempt to Wrench the Territories from the Working People, and to Spread Bondage all over the land.

Household Words (American Reprint) for November is on our table. *Contents:* To Think, or to be Thought for? Mr. Speckles on himself; Fly Leaves; Six Years in a Cell; Perfectly Contented; From Paris to Chelmsford; Down at Red Grange; Chip—Soden; Love of Beauty; Royal Treasures; Our Poisonous Wild Flowers; How we Lost our Minister; Tea Gardens; Dick Dallington; An Autumn Shadow; Agricultural Machinery; Quiet People; St. George and the Dragon; A Flat Walk; A Journey due North—I begin my Journey—I am aboard the Prussian Eagle; A Wife's Pardon; Black and Blue; Our Iron Constitution; Mad Dancing; The Murdered Person; The World Unseen; Salome and I—In Six Chapters; The Burthen Lightened; An Indian Court Circular. Dix and Edwards, No. 321 Broadway.

Littell's Living Age, No. 648, opens with a very interesting paper from the *Edinburgh Review*, "The Civil Wars and Cromwell," and contains besides the conclusion of "A Lord of Creation," and other articles from the usual sources. No. 649 opens with *Blackwood's* critique of Macaulay. The other contents are—The Old "King's Arms;" A Dutch Novelist; Lord Brougham; Foundling Hospitals in China; History of Punch; Poetry; Short Articles. 343 Broadway.

The Presidential Election occurs on Tuesday next. We shall probably be able to announce the result in our next issue. The Republicans are more hopeful than they were a week ago, the latest advices from Pennsylvania, Indiana and California being more favourable to the prospects of Fremont. The Sham Democracy, however, are doing all that money and bribery can effect to ensure a triumph, and we fear they will succeed.

Miss Grew's Speech.—Want of room must be our apology for delaying till next week the publication of the speech made by Mary Grew, at Norristown, on the evening of October 16.

Correction.—In Henry Grew's Address at Norristown, in his remarks on Mr. Elmer's political sentiments, for "extinction" read *extension*.

Summary.

Martin Van Buren had an arm broken a few days since by the upsetting of a carriage.

Justice.—A lady of Leith has been tried before Mr. Sheriff Hallard for an assault on her servant, and, being found guilty, was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment. Slaveholding mistresses are not liable to such indignities for merely cowhiding a saucy servant.

Escape of Slaves. — The Underground Railroad appears to continue in active business in Norfolk. On Saturday morning last, Mary Eliza and Susan, cook and house servants of E. Bradford, Esq., of that city, after helping themselves to money, jewelry, and clothing to the amount of nearly $400, quietly disappeared, and have not yet been found.

One of the Clifton omnibusses was upset near the toll-gate, about a mile and a half from the city, yesterday afternoon. Several of the passengers were severely bruised—among them Hon. John McLean and Robert Buchanan. The former gentleman, we are informed, was seriously though not dangerously injured.—*Cincinnati Gazette, 21st ult.*

The moderation that prevails in the "Old North State" is shown in the treatment of Professor Hedrick, who has committed the atrocity of being in favour of Fremont. They only discharged him from his Professorship and burned him in effigy. In South Carolina or Virginia they would have burned the Professor.—*Providence Journal.*

Tobacco.—The late Wesleyan Conference in England, took strong ground against the use of tobacco by ministers. Thirty-one candidates for admission were each asked if he used tobacco. One replied he did, by the advice of three physicians, for his health. The Conference refused to receive him until he promised to consult more eminent counsel, and abide by it.

Theology and Negro Girls at Auction.—A farm of 267 acres, adjoining the town of Winchester, Va., is advertised for sale, which offers, among others, the following inducements to purchasers: "At the same time will be sold, two young negro children (girls), of four and six years, and a library consisting principally of the *theological collection of the late Rev. Dr. Hill*, containing some rare and valuable works."

The Charleston (Va.) *Star* says the streets of that town are filled every day with persons leaving Virginia for the West. There has not been so much emigration for years from Virginia. Sometimes there can be seen eight or ten families moving together, who intend forming a Virginia settlement of themselves in Missouri, Kansas, or some other portion of the West.

More "Southern" Gospel.—The Lutherans of South Carolina, offended by the strictures of the *Lutheran Observer* (Baltimore) upon the conduct of Preston S. Brooks, have, according to the Newberry *Mirror*, resolved to establish a religious journal to promulgate and expound the gospel according to the patron Saint of that little moral, religious and political universe.

"Mary, do you not intend to give a dollar to the Foreign Missions, this year?" said the wife of a minister, to a poor shop girl. "No," replied the noble girl; "I see every day in our streets, children as far from what they should be as any young heathens are; and if I have anything to spare, after my poor sick mother is taken care of, I shall give it to the heathen *at home*—those whom the priest and Levite pass by on the other side."—*Pleasure Boat.*

The point made by a Republican speaker in New York, the other day, was not a bad one. "Toombs," said he, "boasted that the time would come when he could call the roll of his slaves in the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. The time *has* come—hark! he calls: 'Rufus Choate,'—'*here*,' 'B. F. Hallett,'—'*here*,'—'Charles G. Greene,'—'*here*,' 'C. H. Peaslee,'—'*here*.'" Shouts of laughter followed the hit, but there is a melancholy moral in it. It is *true*.

A correspondent suggests that the people of South Carolina ought to institute measures for the discovery of a South polar attraction; inasmuch as it is a disgrace that Southern men should be dependent upon a magnet with Northern tendencies; besides being very dangerous to Southern institutions. It is not thought advisable, however, that the use of the Northern magnet should be prohibited till the Southern one is discovered.—*Providence Journal.*

Bridal Presents.—A new thing under the sun is reported by a Baltimore paper, which states that the bridal gifts displayed on the table at weddings, are often hired from jewellers expressly for the purpose. It is stated that there is one silver coffee pot in that city, that has figured at three dozen weddings as "the gift of my uncle." This is a little too much to believe. The world is given to *humbug*, but the idea of hiring silver ware to show as gifts, is too ridiculous to be credited. But the fools are not all gone yet.

We learn that the Rev. Mr. Conway, who was formerly settled over the Unitarian church at Washington city, has been engaged to supply the pulpit of the Unitarian church in this city for several weeks. Although a Virginian by birth and education, he felt it his duty to expose the demoralizing effects of slavery with too much "plainness of speech" to suit the atmosphere of Washington, and a dissolution of his pastoral connection of course followed. He will preach his first sermon here to-morrow.—*Cincinnati Gazette, Oct. 25.*

Female Medical College.—The regular Fall and Winter session of this excellent institution, located in Philadelphia was opened on the 8th ult. Professor Harvey delivered the introductory to the regular course. His address is spoken of in high terms of praise by the city papers. Ann Preston, M. D., a faithful and efficient labourer in the cause of medical science, is connected with the College. We are gratified to learn that the prospects of the institution are highly flattering.—*Delaware County (Pa.) Republican.*

The South Becoming "Demoralized."—A correspondent of the *New Orleans Delta*, writing from Richmond, Va., is much disturbed by the state of things in Virginia. Speaking of the recent speech of Hon. John M. Botts, which has caused so much disturbance among the fire-eaters, he says:

"Its demoralizing influence here is already felt. Since its delivery, it is no uncommon thing to hear men in this city stand up boldly and avow themselves in favour of Fremont. They make no secret of their preference for him over Buchanan."

At the Mass Convention, held at Milwaukee a few days since, a banner from Beaver Dam was carried, representing the Cincinnati platform, supported by Buchanan and ten niggers. Buchanan is on his knees, in a position representing "squatter sovereignty," while Douglas is on the platform, cramming the Nebraska bill down Buck's throat. Buck says, "I am James Buchanan no longer," while Pierce, who is standing by, says to Douglas, "If he swallows that, Douglas, the rest will go easy." Douglas, in reply, says, "Never fear, Frank, he's good for them all." Pierce is represented as having Cuba in his arms. Cushing stands by, and says to Van Buren, who is sitting on the platform, "Matty, free speech must be crushed out." Matty replies, "Yes, Caleb, and my old free soil hobby, too."

Correction Corrected.—*To the Editor of the Independent*—Dear Sir: There is still a mistake—Col. Grey did nothing but present "*Dred*" to the Queen, and inform her of the presence of the author. All the rest was done by another gentleman official, whose name was not mentioned. No communication whatever passed between Col. Grey and Mr. or Mrs. Stowe. The whole matter of the presentation took us entirely by surprise. When we saw the book in the hand of the officer, we remonstrated but to no purpose; and it all terminated very well, just as you say it did. Truly yours,

Andover, Oct. 13th, 1856. C. E. Stowe.

Willing to Assume the Responsibility.—Mr. D. W. Roberts, a live Virginian, having been nominated a Fremont elector of that State, is much provoked at finding his name printed wrong on the ticket. So he writes a letter, which appears in the Wellsburg *Herald* and Wheeling *Intelligencer*, saying:

"My name is David W. Roberts, common signature, D. W. Roberts. The printer has it C. W., and if you mean me, it is a misnomer behind which I do not wish to take refuge. In case our worthy Governor should take it into his head to hang any, I am anxious that he should make no mistake and destroy an innocent person, and thereby add to the sum of his villanies."

Gov. Wise.—A few days since, in conversation with a Northern gentleman on the political state of the country, he stated the position of affairs thus: "We have no fears of Northern Abolitionists. We can take care of *them*. But what we have to fear is an insurrection among ourselves." "What!" said the other, "an insurrection of the *blacks*?" "No," said the Governor, "but of the poor whites." This remark he explained by saying, that he should not be surprised if a bill were introduced into the next Legislature of Virginia to restrict the slaves from learning the mechanic arts, with the design to restore these trades to the poor whites.

Cotton and Slavery.—The friends of the abolition of slavery in the United States are indebted to the *Journal des Debats* for a powerful article on the subject, which is rather too long for your space. Suffice it to say that the writer traces all the evils of the system, all the dangers with which the Union is menaced, and the constant annoyance to which Europe is exposed, to the growth of cotton. As the cotton plant exhausts the finest soil in five years, the fields must be constantly extended; to extend those fields new provinces must be annexed and slavery proportionally spread. If the evils of slavery are ever to be eradicated, cotton must be grown for English account in her own colonies. In the meantime a serious crisis, according to the writer, threatens the Union, and even the peace of the world.—*Paris Cor. Morning Herald.*

A Lawyer Expelled from the Bar.—In the Superior Court on Saturday morning, Judge Huntington delivered the decision of the Court in relation to the petition of George R. Dwyer for the dismissal of A. A. Bradley from the Suffolk Bar for alleged malpractice. The Court have had this case under consideration for several weeks, quite a number of witnesses having been examined. The Court were of opinion that the charges had been proved, and the defendant was dismissed from practice in all the Courts of the Commonwealth. Mr. Bradley asked if he might be permitted to finish cases which had been filed for trial. This the Court said could not be allowed. Mr. Bradley said he would take exception to the opinion. The Court said the exceptions must be filed in the regular way, and then they would decide whether they should be allowed. Bradley is a coloured man.—*Boston Tel.*

A New Zeal for the Pulpit.—The professed friends of a pure Gospel, and the sanctity of the pulpit, have become unexpectedly numerous of late. Earnest and loud-talking advocates of these inestimable blessings are to be found in unimagined quarters. The Legrees and Tom Hordons of the South seem to have struck hands with the low and the profane of the North, in demanding that Christ's Gospel, without subtraction or addition, shall be preached in all the pulpits of the land! Who would have thought that such a reform could find its most zealous advocates at the headquarters of political clubs, in the engine-houses of city fire companies, and the vilest grog-shops of the metropolis? And how long before the churches will have of it, when the crowds from these interesting places of resort shall give the finishing touch to their sincerity, by becoming the reverent hearers of a pure Gospel.—*Examiner (Baptist).*

Negro Thief Caught.—On Sunday last, one of our city police discovered a white man and a negro passing leisurely through our city, on horseback, each, at noonday; but somehow, something seemed to say that something was wrong, and the two were arrested. An examination was had before Mr. Justice Gross, and they both "told their tales"; but each not happening to be in the room to hear the other, their accounts of themselves and others did not correspond. But they both agree that they were going out on the Nueces. The negro finally confessed that the man had enticed him away, and they were going to Mexico, and that the man had threatened his life if he should divulge the affair. The negro man is a stout fine fellow, of his kind. It would not surprise us, this should prove to have some connection with the attempted insurrection on the Colorado. At present they are both taking lodging in our jail, and one, we fear, at public expense.—*San Antonio Texan.*

Negro Insurrection in Union County, Arkansas.—By a private letter to a gentleman of this city, we learn that there is great excitement in Union County, Arkansas, on account of the discovery of a plot among the negroes to rise in rebellion on the 15th of this month. Fortunately, the plot was discovered in time to prevent one of the most bloody massacres in the whole annals of insurrections. The plot was very extensive, and negroes who were taken up and made to confess, implicated others twenty miles off. Some of the negroes say the rising was to take place the day of the Presidential election. The men all being from home on that day, the plot was to murder the women and children first, and then attack the unarmed men at the polls. Several white men have been implicated, and notified to leave the County in a given time or be hung. The letter states that on the Colorado the excitement is intense, and that several negroes have been hung. The plot seems to have been very extensive, reaching as far as Texas.—*Memphis Enquirer, Oct. 18.*

Capturing Fugitive Slaves.—The Loudon (Va.) *Mirror* says that the citizens of Carlisle, Pa., behaved very handsomely a few days since, when a party of Virginians went to their city to capture some slaves who had absconded. It says:

"When the fugitives were arrested and taken from the cars at the depot there, an attempt was made by the free negroes, and a few white men present, to 'raise a row,' but the United States Marshal was promptly in attendance and took them into custody. The Mayor of the town then addressed the crowd, and told them that these citizens of a sister State were there in pursuance of a law, to recover their property, and that they must not be molested. The great majority of the audience heartily seconded his remarks, and declared that they would sustain him. After the investigation was had, and the slaves were proved and identified, the officers summoned a small *posse* to accompany them out of the State, and although there was a considerable crowd at the Marshal's office at the time, they were passed through without the slightest disturbance."

Progress of Heresy.—The Boston correspondent of the *New York Observer* writes: "In your last, and some recent numbers, you dwelt somewhat at length on the laxity of views now spreading in the Christian Church, on the subject of future endless punishment. Your remarks were called forth by an article on missions in the *North British Review*. Now, I don't know how it may be in New York, but I am sure that the tendency of the public mind here and throughout New England generally is strongly towards the doctrine of the final restoration of all men to happiness in the world to come. Not Universalism in its bald and naked form, such as Ballou and Balfour preached, but the doctrine of final restoration, as Winchester, or perhaps the Tholuck school, is the popular idea, or at least the delusive hope of many who attend orthodox churches and listen to sound orthodox doctrine. To be assured of the correctness of this statement, one needs only to converse with our well-disposed but irreligious young men, and with some professors of religion."

[There is another heresy tainting the churches and pulpits of Boston which does not alarm the *Observer* and its correspondents, viz: the heresy of manstealing, which finds supporters in such men as Adams, Blagden and Winslow, for whose punishment, if for anybody's, a future hell will be required.]

Almost a Fugitive Slave Case.—A few days since it became known that an Alabama slave-catcher was in this city to obtain process for the arrest of a coloured man residing at Albion, whither the slave-catcher had been and recognised his human property. While in this city consulting the high authorities who chase runaway negroes, the facts connected with his visit, in a very mysterious manner, became known to some friends who do not think the chief glory of a State consists in returning fugitive slaves to bondage, and the slave man was at once informed of what was going on, and went over to Canada with natural haste.

This slave-catcher is named J. S. Gavitt, and he hails from Mobile, Alabama, from which city they drive out booksellers by a mob, who may chance to sell one copy of an anti-slavery book.

He is easily distinguished by a long scar on one cheek. He registers his name as J. Res, Evansville, Ind. We presume Mr. Gavitt has gone home disconsolate. Even the loyal slave-driving Democracy of this State would n't help him. O tempora! O Gavitt! How your success would have helped the political prospects of your friend James Buchanan.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Mysterious Disappearance. — Wm. A. White, of Madison (formerly of Watertown, Mass., and once an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society), is missing, and cannot be found. He came to Milwaukee on the same train with us from Madison, Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 7th, was at the Fair Grounds Wednesday morning the 8th, went to Chicago where his wife was in the afternoon, in the cars, and returned in the Thursday night boat, and reached here late, on account of the gale, Friday morning, and took a late breakfast at the Walker House, and that is the last that has been seen of him. Search has been made for him in Madison and Chicago and no tidings of him can be heard. We inquired for him at the hotel, but could hear nothing except what we have above stated.

Even so late as this forenoon we were assured at the Walker House that no baggage was left there. But to-day noon, Mr. Jarvis came in from Madison, and found his baggage there—a shawl and valise—which he opened, but found nothing in it to give any clue to his absence. We fear there has been foul play in his case.—*Milwaukee Free Democrat, Oct. 20.*

The Chicago *Tribune* says: "Mr. White was one of the principal citizens of Madison, a man of wealth and position. He married a daughter of the late Justin Butterfield, of this city, and is well known to large numbers of our people. It is feared that he has met foul play—a suspicion strengthened by the fact that he was known to often have large sums of money on his person."

The Cruise of a Slaver.—The trial of Baptista and Stabell, the parties charged with owning and fitting out the schooner C. F. A. Cole, at this port, for the slave trade, is now in progress in the United States District Court in Baltimore. The evidence is not yet concluded. A witness, who was cabin boy on the voyage from Baltimore to the slave coast of Africa, and back to Segua la Grande, Cuba, with a cargo of 331 slaves, gave an interesting account of the voyage, yesterday. He testified, through an interpreter (Mr. Jos. Marks), as follows:

He went out last December, in the schooner Cole, from Baltimore; Captain Baker went along; the vessel went from here to the coast of Africa; went first to Cabindo; they were two months going to Cabindo; a passenger named Drummond left the vessel here; the vessel stopped there one day; the vessel then cruised out one month, and then went into the river Congo. They went into the river between 11 and 12 o'clock in the day time; they anchored in the river and waited for people from the brig Dolphin to visit them. An officer came on board the schooner and asked for all the papers on the vessel; the officer tried to see what was on board of her; Antonio Silva, the mate, raised the American colours, and said that they had no right to search an American vessel. They then gave the officer as much liquor as he could drink; he got drunk and went ashore. That is the usual treatment to officers when they come on board. That night they went up the coast to Devil's Point and anchored. Captain Labradada and two men went ashore, and the Captain again came aboard with the cabin passenger they landed at Cabindo. They discharged cargo, and the negroes began to come on board in ten and twelve, all fastened by the neck, in boats. Some three hundred and thirty-five negroes came on board, eight or nine boats bringing them off. The negroes were all on board by eight or nine o'clock in the daytime. The vessel lay one or two miles from shore. They landed from the vessel nothing except whiskey and lumber. They sailed from Devil's Point about 1 o'clock that day, the vessel going to Segunda Grande, Cuba; they were thirty-five days in making the voyage. About thirty-five of the negroes died on the passage. The passengers who got out at Cabindo came to Cuba with them. The negroes were put down in the hold, on a deck laid over the water casks, and fed on beans and bread and rice. When they put the negroes ashore at Cuba they went in the daytime, landed the negroes after seven o'clock, and came out at night. Six men were discharged after landing the negroes at Cuba. Only eight men were on board when they came out from Cuba—Baker, Silva, witness and five men. Captain Labradada, Antonio, Pollens, a passenger named Lippold Drummond, Frank Labradada (a cousin of the Captain) and the cook got out at Cuba. Four men were discharged in the Chesapeake before the vessel was sunk—they were on vessels from Baltimore. Captain Baker, Antonio, witnesses and two others were on the vessel when she was sunk, about 8 o'clock at night. The holes were bored in her in the bay—she was run ashore, the plugs taken out, and she was let go. Nothing was taken from the vessel before she sunk. Witness shipped for Madeira, wishing to get to his own home at Cadiz, Spain. Before they left the vessel, after she was sunk, three pilots came aboard the next morning. The mate, Antonio Silva, left Piney Point the day they got there; the others went up to Washington in a steamer three days after. Witness then came to Baltimore, and went off that evening. The schoonmaker on board Labradada took ashore with him at Segua la Grande, Cuba.—*Phil. Ledger, Oct. 25th.*

Appaling Burning of a Ship.—The following details of a horrible case of piracy and burning of a ship at Macao have been received at Lloyd's:

"The Dutch ship Banca, Capt. Heymans, 700 tuns burden, with between 300 and 400 emigrants (coolies) for Havanna, put back to Macao, about a month since (the despatch is dated at Hong-Kong, August 10), with her water casks leaking and cargo shifted, having encountered boisterous weather, and on reaching the outer roads brought up to an anchor. There she remained repairing, her officers exercising strict vigilance in preventing the coolies going ashore, for fear they should make their escape. For the three weeks whatever discontent may have prevailed, no fear of an outbreak would seem to have been entertained, until a Chinese doctor warned the Captain that mischief was brewing. In preparing for such a contingency as a rising of the coolies the small arms were placed on the poop, and two guns were loaded with grape, and pointed forward. About 9 o'clock of the night of the 8th, the disturbance commenced, and the crew took refuge on the poop. The Captain first fired a shot or two overhead, but, as that had no effect, and the coolies advanced towards them, yelling frightfully, armed with belaying-pins, bricks torn from the cooking-places, &c., the Captain gave orders to his men to fire, and immediately a volley was poured into the infuriated mass from the two guns, and also from the small arms. This had the effect of checking and putting down the riot, and the cool

Miscellaneous Department.

SIX YEARS IN A CELL.

It is said that the first year of solitary imprisonment is the worst to bear. In my case the first year was made the most endurable by an incessant occupation of the brain upon the planning of escape. When hope of escape was first removed came the worst time for me, while the mind struggled to regain its equilibrium. The busy brain was to be quieted, the energies were to be repressed, the man was to submit to years of burial alive during that period of life when manhood is most active.

It was October when I first entered my cell as a political prisoner at Bruchsal, and very soon afterwards began the heating with hot air. There were no means of shutting the opening out of which it came in a constant blast like the sirocco. The window could not be opened by the prisoner himself; he must, if he wished to have it open, ring for the overseer who came with a long stick. My hair had been cropped so much, that I felt every draught, and became almost mad with headache and with toothache. The feet were cooled by the cold current of air coming through the badly-fitting door and window, whilst the head was swimming always in a steam—worse than a steam, for it was not moist, but hot and dry—of thirty degrees of Reaumur. Came my turn to go down to the walking-yard, then I must go, whether it poured or not. The same linen-dress was to be worn Summer and Winter, and we were more acutely sensitive to the inclemency of the weather, because we were not only dried by heat indoors, but also fed upon the very lowest diet that would maintain life. They gave me a small cast-off soldier's great-coat, very short and threadbare, which I should have been glad to use as protection against the rain, if I had been permitted. This, however, was for wear in the cell, not in the court-yard; that was quite out of the question. When the doctor of the prison saw me cast down in the first days, he said, in a light, swaggering manner:

"O! I have seen people here, who would, at first, run up the walls, but who became very soon quite contented. Probably you will become blind, but that is nothing, it will soon be over."

Indeed, by the bad food in the prisons not seldom is such blindness produced; the prisoners call it the night-fog, and it is cured by better food—flesh-meat or liver.

The doctor became, in my time, director of the prison, and was in the highest degree zealous on behalf of order. When I saw him he was generally running about the house with a brush and a varnish-pot. It was his whim that all the cells must be exactly alike in their arrangements.

A very horror in the eyes of the new director was the person who had rented the purveying of the prisoners with the allowed food. She was a most respectable substantial burgher-woman, the wife of a baker of Bruchsal, who understood her business, and cared very little about fresh instructions in it. This stout lady was befriended by the burgher members of the board of control, but the director was determined to get rid of her, and he succeeded. The Grand Duke himself was our next chief of the kitchen, and we were pretty nearly starved by him and his administration. They must needs experiment upon retrenchment, and reduced the daily expenditure upon each prisoner for breakfast, dinner and supper to a penny. When I asked one of the officers what it could matter to them whether we had a little more or less food, and why the manager was not suffered to stay any longer, he answered, that it was a victory for the officers of the prison. The prisoners became lean and weak, and there was a hunger in the house like that in a beleaguered fortress on the eve of surrender.

By the Prussian physician, who was for a time in the house when my regular medical adviser chanced to be ill, I was allowed two chopins of milk, and, instead of the pound and a half of black bread, six ounces of white bread. This had been for a long time almost my only food, besides the two ounces of meat every other day, given us in morsels on a skewer, like the London cat's meat. But after the new order even this help failed me. The bread was as bad as possible, and the milk—more water than milk—stunk so intolerably that I turned sick, only at the smell. The doctor said this was mere richness of butter. The milk was, in truth, kept in a tub that could not be well cleaned. There was nobody in the kitchen who understood anything; all kitchen work, under the economic rule, was done by prisoners, for no woman was again suffered to enter the house as a servant.

Often I was so hungry that I could not sleep, and was driven to appease the craving of my stomach by water, which produced diarrhœa. The worst time was directly after Winter, when the hot air which had lessened my appetite was at an end, and the body out of which it had sucked the juices, cried for food. Then I often begged a bit of bread of my overseer, who gave it me with tears in his eyes: but it is right also to say that if I asked the doctor for a little augmentation of my diet, a piece of brown bread was never denied me.

I must needs talk about eating: meals are even greater events in the life of a lonely and a hungry man than in the life of a man cheerful and well-fed. At the bottom of my prison life lay hunger, and from this bodily condition came, as will be seen, peculiarities in the condition of my mind.

Once when I was occupied in calculating the amount of nutriment in our food, and comparing it with that of the food I used to have in one day out of prison, I was surprised by our government inspector. I laughingly told him of my speculation. "O," he answered, "great physiologists have said to me, that man can live on four ounces of bread a day."

The results of such a life were soon apparent. I became depressed in mind more than I ever was before. Sometimes I was weak enough to hope, when I went to bed, that I might not awake again; and when at half-past four, that dreary bell marked the beginning of a new day, I sat wretched upon my miserable couch, and silent tears rolled down my pale and hollow cheeks.

It is a hard thing to see before one a long day, which offers nothing but sorrow and vexation; not even the shadow of joy: not even such as the most unhappy, the poorest of free men may enjoy. They can go into the field or the wood, and there are given by God to all under His sky a great many sources of enjoyment, of which the least one would have tinged even my dismal cell with a rosy hue.

Sometimes—not caring much for the Prussian muskets that were fired at those who peeped abroad—I looked through the window, to see, when in its bloom, a large cherry tree which was beyond the prison wall; or to see upon the road men, women and children, and to hear their voices.

The only liberty I had in this hive was during the night, when I was sleeping; for by the emaciation of the body, the more subtle faculties of the soul, fettered by it when it is strong enough, appeared to be set free. From my earliest youth I had had a great propensity to vivid dreams. These dreams were now my greatest pleasure, and it was almost as good to me as if I had been every night at a play of a great many acts. The most lucid dreams one has, always occur towards the morning, and then, say the old women, they assume the character of visions. In the prison I had very often dreams of this kind, and sometimes they were of a kind that might almost have passed for revelations.

I received no newspapers, and it was severely forbidden to any one of the officers of the prison to give us political intelligence. This had been, since the new order of things in the house, so strictly adhered to, that I heard not earlier than in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-five something about a war with Russia. Of a Napoleon the Third I received the first news by an almanac, in which I came upon such a name with great wonder in the list of sovereigns. Nevertheless I had seen something of political occurrences in my dreams; and I will give a few examples, assuring my readers that I tell them strictly as they were.

Once, I saw a great palace, in which preparations were made for a festivity. I heard in the kitchen the head-cook command his myrmidons, and everything was in a great bustle. I had never been in Vienna, but in the dream I knew that I was in that city. What have I to do with festivities in Vienna, I thought, the next morning? At that time the emperor was married, and, by an act of so-called grace, pardoned more than two hundred of the political prisoners.

I was, another night, in St. Petersburg. I saw many troops marching, and, upon a large square, recruits were being exercised: everywhere active preparations for war were going on. This was about the beginning of the Russian war.

Another night I was led to an eastern country. I was in a low wooden building enclosed by board hedges. From the window I saw, to my astonishment, red-coated English soldiers advancing as tirailleurs. I heard and saw their shots; but I could not see the enemy, the ridge of a little hill hindering the view. The English made a movement, and were soon behind the hill; but, near to my building I saw advancing a strange-looking corps of soldiers, which it puzzled me to understand the next morning; they were dressed in an eastern fashion, but kept western order. They were formed in a battalion's column, advancing in a regular trot, like the Chasseurs d'Afrique; they advanced with a sort of terrible grunting. Next morning I thought I must have been in India, and seen Englishmen at war with some of the people there; but these Easterly-dressed soldiers seemed to fight on the same side with the English. Perhaps what I saw was a battalion of Zouaves, about whom I knew nothing.

At other times I was led in my dreams before a fortress, where I saw soldiers working in trenches, cannons, and other evidences of active warfare, and yet I knew nothing about Sebastopol. The first I heard of the siege was in the middle of the present year.

With persons dear to me I was always in a certain connection, and I knew almost always when a letter was coming, even if I had no reason to expect one. If the letter on its way were written in a hurry, I seldom knew anything about it; but, if the thoughts of the writer were intensely fixed upon me, as was made apparent by the letter, I knew of it always. That I almost every night sat at dinner and ate and drank heartily, was only a token that my body cried always for food. This dream-dinner, alas! did not satisfy; the dishes I ate had not even any taste.

But enough of my dreams, which I tell only to show what the working of the mind in the starved body may be like.

My nerves were so much excited that every uncommon noise or cry in the house caused my heart to beat more quickly; and sometimes the internal pain in my head, especially in the temples, which seemed pierced by a red-hot iron, made me fear that I might lose my reason. One evening, lying in my bed, I was alarmed by an almost unearthly roaring, which continued for some time, and came nearer and nearer to my cell. It was that of a mad prisoner, who had pushed aside the overseer opening his door, and ran about the house.

Through the overseers I knew that in this prison cases of madness occurred very often, and almost always it came to its outbreak in the night. They told me that it was something frightful to enter such a cell, and that they often roused a comrade to go with them.

Bad and especially insufficient food is not proper for solitary prisoners; it predisposes them to aberrations; especially such of them as have been used to a more opulent life. By new regulations, convicts enter the house of correction for several years, with an addition of even sixty or seventy days' fasting and darkness, which must be endured during the first year.

He who is punished by hunger-diet (hunger-kost) has only a chopin (not quite a pint) of the dog soup twice a-day, and nothing else. The localities for the imprisonment in darkness (dunkel-arrest) are in the ground-floor of the small round towers which are in each corner of the external wall. The place of confinement differs not very much from a cell, but there is no bed in it and no window, only a slit in the wall, which is darkened, and even when opened it lets in but little air. The smell in these dens is therefore very bad, and one of the officers said to me that he would rather do anything than stay for only an hour in one of them.

And now that I am speaking of punishments, I will mention the different forms of punishment adopted in the Bruchsal house. Little infractions of the rule of the house are punished by reprimands before the conference of the house-officers, or by deprivations of favours and permissions; others by hunger or dark-arrest, deprivation of the bed, the putting on of chains, and applying of the "strafstuhl" (chair of punishment). This instrument is a wooden arm-chair. The delinquent sitting upon it is attached to it by straps fixed to his neck, breast, belly, arms and legs. By the straining of these thongs at so many parts of the body, the circulation of the blood is very soon checked, and the result is a most painful sensation, which increases every moment. Sometimes, prisoners have been for six hours in this situation, until blood came from their mouth, nose, and ears. I have heard such poor sufferers roar in a manner that made people who passed on the road stand still and listen, and at which even the sentries could not suppress their horror. Corporal punishment, nevertheless, is abolished in Baden, and the torture also.

For the common prisoners, work is a relief; without it most of them would become mad. They are interested in their work in more than one respect. They have done, when free, the same or about the same, and their work is not humiliating to them; they have an opportunity of learning in the house several new trades, which they could not afford when free; and they understand very well that in this manner their capital for life is augmented. Have they done their day's work, one-third of a penny is paid daily to each; and if a prisoner be diligent and skilful, he can earn more, up to twopence. This is not much; but after having finished an imprisonment of perhaps three or four years, the convict receives a little stock of money, which will help him greatly.

The director once wondered at one of the better educated prisoners, who would not become a joiner or learn any trade, but was content to do nothing nobler than French-polish chairs. I understand this prisoner quite well. If common work must be done by a well-educated man, who could perform the highest things perhaps, a pure mechanical employment not too tiring would be the most welcome, because it alone allows a free play to the thoughts. It is very disagreeable to have work which is too trivial to interest the worker, but which cannot be done without constant attention. My own, for instance shoemaking—was of this kind; and irritable as I was made by hunger, hot air, and bad smells, I became still more so on this account.

Of course I felt my solitude deeply, but it was not so oppressive to me as the society of common prisoners had been; and the visits of the officers of the house were quite sufficient for my general want of society. By the regulations of the house, drawn up by the ministry, which understands nothing at all of prison and prisoners, every prisoner is to receive daily six visits by officers and persons employed in the house. This is impracticable. Six visits a day would have driven me mad, and I was contented that the director came to see me once a week, the parson as often, the doctor every fortnight, and the administrator, teachers and head overseers sometimes. These visits would have been more agreeable, if one had not always been compelled to think that they were made for government purposes. I knew that official reports were always wandering from Bruchsal to Carlsruhe. The officers, who did not like such business, although it formed a regular part of their office, were very agreeable to me, and I expected their visits with pleasure; but our conversation moved in very narrow bounds; not only political intelligence, but even the supply of the most innocent news concerning things that had occurred since eighteen hundred and forty-nine being prohibited.

There were a small number of books in the library of the house, which were lent to the prisoners, who were not suffered to have more volumes in a cell than five, including the Bible and the schoolbooks. Most of these books were of that kind of popular literature produced by talkative village parsons, who almost make Christianity itself a weariness. There were, however, other books which had been presented to the house by several booksellers when, in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, so many political prisoners were awaiting trial. Among these were some very good books—German, English and French—although the wiseacres in Carlsruhe had rejected some of the most valuable.

After sundry changes from permission to restriction, I myself was allowed to receive from Frankfort English and French books, but no German books, and no newspapers, or even reviews, Dingler's Polytechnic Journal (German) being an exception. My chief political intelligence I got in the last half year (eighteen hundred and fifty-five), from Household Words, of which I perused thirty volumes of the Tauchnitz edition with an eagerness that made me sometimes ill. Books in these foreign languages were permitted to me as being necessary to a useful study; German books would have been regarded as a mere pleasure.

But books were not enough to stay the craving of the mind for occupation. Sometimes I amused myself with the mental execution of some difficult plan. I was a very long time occupied over the arrangement of a colony in South America, founded upon moderate communistic principles; then I had very much to do with air-balloons, and invented a new manner of steering them. Always having meddled a little with chemistry, electrotype, &c., I was indefatigable in inventing new things, and I have no less than five hundred ideas of this kind set down. If I would give myself a great treat, I indulged in day-dreams, supposing this or that situation, and spinning it out through all its consequences. I was often so much excited by these idle fancies, that the perspiration stood upon my forehead, if it were in Summer time.

We were permitted to write one, or, in urgent cases, two letters a month, and to receive also. These letters were indeed a great comfort; but the thought that they would be read, not only by those persons to whom they were addressed, but also by the director, and the parson, and all other prison officers who had a mind to do so, made me always so angry that I could not forbear writing things very disagreeable to intrusive eyes. It was very unwise, doubtless; for such letters as bred much objection by the nature of their contents, were sent, not to my wife, but to the ministry at Carlsruhe. But no doubt I had the spirit of a rebel.

Out of the prison we were very poor; we had lost all. My wife had sold her trinkets during the vain effort to free me. Even upon a heritage of my aunt, who died at this time, the government of Baden laid its hand. My wife was compelled, therefore, to try her little dexterities, and painted flowers on china, and worked with her skilful tapestry-needle like a grisette. At last she accepted a place in a family of many children, who had lost both parents. She tried to replace the lost mother, and won very soon the love and respect of her pupils, and of their relations. In this position she was, at least, sheltered against want. She came to see me sometimes—every year once; for, the journey from Berlin was costly; and although we could not deny ourselves the interview of half-an-hour a year, it always made us wretched. There she stood, several paces distant, behind a narrow wire-net, where I could not even distinguish her features. The first quarter of the half-hour passed almost without a word; she wept silently; and I ground my teeth, and held the bars of my cage as if I would try to break them. The half-hour past, she went away without power to kiss me or press my hand, and I was not to see her again till after another long, long year!

I have said before that with the change of the director our position became far more disagreeable. The mercilessness with which the director sent away every overseer, even upon suspicion, made our keepers very shy. No overseer was permitted to enter any cell without the knowledge of the person to whose section it belonged, he being answerable for any disorder there detected.

No overseer was permitted to bring his cloak into the house; it must be deposited in the porter's room, to render it impossible that any of them should smuggle anything in or out. Every one who would bring anything—even a shirt or a bottle—outside the door, could not do so without a written permission from the administration. Nay, there was even a proposal to search daily the pockets of the overseers! Higher officials could pass with their cloaks, although amongst them there were some of the most likely men to thieve. One head overseer stole like a raven, and great baskets full of linen and other things went at each time. The thefts were detected, and he was dismissed.

It is not to be wondered at if there is theft and peculation here and there by some among a host of underpaid officials. Baden has officers of every kind, and they can only be paid badly. There are ministers of every kind; even there is a Palmerston, who has much business on his hands if the regent wants a coat from Paris. But there is no person employed in Baden whose pay will exceed five hundred pounds a-year.

The overseers in the house of correction are paid very scantily indeed; even such as are commissioned by the ministry have not more than fifty shillings a-month; and it is very hard, upon such a sum, to live with a great family, even in Baden. For this payment they have much to do, and the life is almost as hard as that of the prisoners, nay, even harder. Only a few of them are permitted to stay at night with their families. At half-past four, Winter and Summer, they must be in the prison, and attend, each to his thirty prisoners. Each of them must understand some trade, and pass an examination. From morning till night he labours up and down the stairs, always in fear lest he neglected any of the million particular orders and arrangements, of which one part makes the other puzzling. If he do not understand these orders as the director means them to be understood; if he do not submit without word or gesture of displeasure to the sovereign will of the petty despot; he may be sure he will lose his bread, and his family may go a-begging.

During the last four years I was in the same wing, and had but one overseer, my good and brave Sebastian. Has anybody ever read a history of a prisoner without a kind jailer? Mine was most kind. His father had been mutilated by the fall of stones in a quarry, and died. He himself had worked hard also as a quarryman, and, by labouring in the heat of the sun with covered head, he had lost nearly all his hair. His father left him a small freehold in a village not far from the Neckar, where he lived till he must needs become a soldier. He had learned basket-making; but the failure of the potato crops for several years pressed too hard upon him, and he found it difficult to keep himself and family; therefore he tried to get a place as overseer in the house of correction.

Having no other occupation, and being always accustomed to observe other people, I studied with the utmost care this man, and at last knew him so well, that he could not even conceal a thought before me. Very often I amused myself by telling him his secret wishes, to his utmost wonder. He was to me as if he had been made of glass; but indeed his honest soul could bear to be of glass; the more one saw through it, the more one loved it.

Of course I studied the other officers of the house also. The director improved with the years; and if I had any reason to complain of him, I will not do so, knowing very well that I often provoked him unnecessarily; urged to do so by my irritable state. Many others in his place would have behaved far otherwise. He angered me very much; but he was not ill-natured, and his behaviour was always gentlemanly. He has written several works about prisons and the solitary system. His last appeared in eighteen hundred and fifty-five. It is very well written, and there are many valuable things in it; but, even for this reason it would be the more necessary to point out its errors. I will only remark that all such books, written by government officers, ought to be read with the utmost suspicion. The statistics of the prison are illusory. I wish the overseers had to write annotations frankly on the work of their director. They would make a curious appendix.

To explain how I kept up my courage, I must not tell either my religion or my character; but I can tell what means I employed besides to overcome the dreaded horrors of confinement. The first rule is to throw away, as soon as possible, every hope:

> Hope, eager hope, the assassin of our joys,
> All present blessings treading under foot,
> Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.

One comes only to a settled state which permits even a kind of enjoyment, when all is done with hope. Accepting, then, the years of solitude as perfectly inevitable, one must consider how to pass them, how to keep oneself amused and occupied. Recollections of the past will very soon be exhausted as a means of killing time. Sometimes, however, one is not disposed for any other thing. In such a frame of mind, I wrote down more than four hundred names of young men who had been with me in the cadet-house, and was absorbed in this occupation for several weeks. Very often I rose in the midst of the night to write down with chalk any name which I had been endeavouring for days to recollect. This will only do for a short time; and one must needs try to create little joys where great ones are denied.

In our court-yard were many interesting and important things; there were flowers, birds, mice. I love flowers, but I am not quite so sentimental with them as the prisoners in Picciola; I was more attracted by the little mice which played beneath the wood pile for a long time round our walking yards; or by the birds. There were lodged a host of sparrows under the roof of the house, and in Spring time one could see the young married couples sitting upon the gutter. Where another gutter branched off the rent must have been dearer, I suppose, for there I saw always quite respectable-looking, fat sparrow gentlemen, enjoying the shadow of a little Semiramis garden, owing its existence to some earthly stuff that came down from the roof, to which the seed, probably, had been carried by the sparrows themselves.

It was prohibited to give bread to the sparrows, but I did not care about such things; and, hungry as I was, always allowed them the whole crum of my small white slice. They knew me very well, my visor notwithstanding. They watched my coming; and, as soon as I stepped out of the door, flew round about, and begged for their food. When they missed me, and sat upon the roof, I only signed to them with my hand, and down came the whole army in the greatest hurry. They came almost sitting upon my feet, and would have been much tamer but for some prisoners, who could not forbear trying to catch or to kill them! When they had little ones, they led them into my yard, and the whole family came close to my feet, the young things fluttering, and with wide open yellow beaks, and the parents slily looking at me, and catching the soft crumbs with which they could feed their little ones without any other preparation. My sparrows were the wonder of all the overseers.

And we had not only sparrows, but red-tails and wagtails also. The latter I loved very much, and observed once a little scene performed by wagtails which I cannot forbear telling. Had Shakspeare seen it, he would never have used the word wagtail as a by-word for that cowardly fellow cudgelled by brave Kent.

For a long time I had noticed a poor cock wagtail which had lost the half of a foot, and could not run after the insects as his comrades did, but must hobble slowly beneath the edges of the flower-beds, to see what he could catch. This poor invalid had an enemy who pursued him everywhere. One day he was attacked quite unexpectedly, and must prepare for battle as well as he could. He did so like a clever fellow, spreading out his tail and wings, and supporting himself against a piece of turf. The miserable aggressor stood in the middle of the way, a few yards off, and advanced step by step in the manner of a fencer. He seemed much stronger than my little friend, whose feathers were not smooth at all, and who looked ill and weary. I was indeed sorry for him, and considered whether I should play the part of Fate or not, when there came through the air, like a flash of light, another male bird, which, with shrieking and with a fury I never had expected of a wagtail, charged the dastardly ruffian, put him speedily to flight, and followed in pursuit. I could not see how he plucked him, but it did me good to think that he was giving him a lesson. After some time, my doughty knight came back; and it was pretty to see with how much care he examined his weak friend, to see whether he had been hurt.

I had been told that several of the prisoners had in their cells sparrows, or a mouse, and I wished also to have a comrade in my solitude. Myself a prisoner, I would not have a free bird of the woods, but a canary bird, which never had known freedom, and was more able to breathe the air in our rooms. After much ado, I obtained leave to keep a canary bird. The brother of my wife brought me one from Frankfort. Of course I was very anxious to possess my little friend, but the bird was kept in the office more than a day, because the administrator (in the director's absence) had discovered that he was a male bird, and very likely to sing, which would be very much against the "seriousness of the place."

They had sent me, indeed, the finest bird they could find; his song was not so quavering as that of many other canary birds, but very sweet and soft, and mixed with notes of nightingales and other birds, which had been his companions. Used to company, he felt himself lonely in my cell, and became very tame. He ate from my hand, and often sat down upon my shoulder or upon the edge of my book when I was reading—to sing there.

Winter set in, and with it came the usual killing sirocco into my cell. My little bird began to ail, and soon ceased singing. The director said he had the house of correction decline, and indeed it was so. The poor thing coughed and groaned all night. Spring came, and I thought him saved, when the month of May brought with it much cold. The bird had lost almost all his feathers and must have felt cold; but he was always sitting in the water as if he would quench an inward fire. One morning when I came from the yard, I found him dead. I would not bury my friend in a jail, but wrapped him in moss and laid him in a box, which I sent to Frankfort, where he slept by the side of a faithful dog.

When my wife came, in the Summer, she brought with her two other canary birds, a male and female. They were selected from among a great many pairs with great care, and were very beautiful. The golden yellow male was named by me "Hans," and his little wife, who had a beautiful crown, and was a first-rate beauty, was called, after a fair friend, "Fritzchen." These two companions were a source of lasting joy and comfort. To observe them, and to become acquainted with all their little particularities, was an amusement of which I never tired; and if the dark spirit threatened to possess me, the warbling of my little David smoothed my brow.

I had now friends near me to love, to observe, to care for, and to nurse. What a pleasure when they began to build a nest! When it was finished, there came nice little eggs, and Fritzchen sat upon them, sneezing in a small way quite softly, which I never had heard yet of female birds, and which they only do in expectation of the mother's joys. Hans often inspected his treasure, and both then sat upon the brim of the nest, chatting tenderly.

When I could reasonably expect young birds, I looked every morning in the nest, while the young mother was away for a moment to drink, to make a hurried toilet, or to nibble a few dainties which honest Sebastian the overseer had brought. At last my hope was fulfilled, and I saw the young bird earlier than its own mother. The egg was burst just in the middle, and between the two hollows moved a little thing with a head as big as the body. When the mother came back to the nest, she took one of the egg-halves into her beak, and flew with it upon the other cage, where Hans was sitting. When he had seen the egg-shell, she dropped it, and both flew to the nest, where the father with evident pleasure looked at his first-born. Then was there for a time much soft chatting and billing, and then Fritzchen nestled happily upon their new-born. No king could have more pleasure than I had in observing the joy of my little birds.

When the hen sits upon her nest, the male must feed her; for, if she were to go away for food, the eggs would become cold. This feeding seems a great amusement to them both; and if they are very sociable during their courtship, the hen always flutters with her wings, and begs food, which her lord and master gives her playingly. The feeding of the young ones also is the business of the father, as long as they are in the nest; and I have often seen Hans pushing aside his little wife when she has offered to meddle with his duties.

Hans became very tame, and learned various tricks. I laid him upon his back and he must lie still, as if he was dead. I could take him by both his wings, by one wing, or by his tail or feet, without his giving a sign of life. His little head hung down, and you would have thought him dead, but for his dark little roguish eyes, which he would never shut. Sometimes I made a tube of paper, and loaded him in it, as if he were the ball in a pistol, as I had seen done by jugglers. At first he tried to escape me, and I always had trouble to catch him again; therefore I made and fastened to his foot a little tongue of soft leather, like the shoe of a falcon. When the poor fellow saw himself thus fettered, he laid himself upon his back, and played through all his little tricks unbidden. I could not find it in my heart to fetter him again.

The two finest of my three young birds I lost. They were very wild, and, in playing, they ran against the cage, fell down, and broke their necks. The youngest one was never flurried. If there was some bird of prey seen through the window, and his father warned, the little clever thing looked heedfully about before it flew through the door of the cage. If it had not done so, it would not have been here in London now, while I write, attentively examining my paper.

Hans made a trip into the world, but the poor fellow came badly off. Every Saturday I cleaned my window, and it was always a great pleasure to me, for then I stood upon a step inside my cell, and could look far into the country. Only once, I was led, after much entreating, by an overseer into the school-room: from the windows of which I could look upon the town and the delicious landscape. I enjoyed the sight for five minutes only; but it was one of the greatest pleasures I had in all these six years. When I was cleaning my window once, Hans got out of his cage and came to me, fluttered a little, amazed by the open air, and before I could close the window, flew through it and directly over the roof of the house. What hours of anxiety were those that followed! But it was Summer time, and he would not perish of the weather.

I was not to lose the father of my little family. Having seen enough of the world in an hour or so, he sat down upon the wall near the sentry, and there sang. The soldier tried to catch him with his helmet, but failed. The bird, who was used to be caught, did not fly away, and when the soldier tried to catch him with his hands he succeeded. It was a Baden soldier, and he knew that the bird was mine. He gave him to the porter, who permitted him to fly about his room. When the poor fellow was caught again to bring him to me, they must have handled him roughly, for one of his wings hung down, and under it was a blood-blister as thick as a hazel-nut.

When Hans came into the cage and sat there crest-fallen, his little wife was glad, though she seemed not to care much about him; but he did not answer some of her questions, and she then became uneasy, looked at him from all sides, placed herself then close to him, and lifted with her little beak the hurt wing to look under it. I have never seen such a thing from any other bird. After having discovered that Hans was much hurt, she chirped comfort in his ear, kissed him, and he answered her tenderness as languishingly as a wounded man would have answered the soft whisper of his wife. She was constantly busied about him, and did all she could to show how much she pitied his misfortune.

I bathed the hurt wing all day to prevent inflammation, and next day the surgeon of the house performed an operation, which was very painful, but of the best consequences. I bound up the limb, and, after a few months, poor Hans could fly again, although he always hung his wing, so that Sebastian used to say he was carrying a sabre.

Next year I got only one young bird; he was christened Bütchen. When I left the prison, my birds, of course, went with me. They looked rather shabby, and would not have lived another Winter.

But, canary birds do not content man fully. I proposed to myself objects that were just attainable, and worked till I attained them.

The first thing I longed for, was to throw aside my miserable work as learner of shoemaking, and to be permitted to draw only. Rheumatism in one arm helped very opportunely, and I was suffered to draw, by paying to the house more than double the sum I could have earned as a shoe-maker. My pen-drawings were my own, and I sent them to my wife. In my cell there was a permanent exhibition, for my work interested me, and many of my visitors also. My pen-drawings were highly esteemed by the printsellers, and several of them sold very well. The thought that by them I could perhaps help my wife in her great struggle with the world, made me most eager to work, and I did so from sunrise till night. Occupied with a drawing that interested me I rose with pleasure, and the day passed swiftly away. I was very often so gay that I sang all day long, until entreated by the overseers to hold my tongue, because it was not permitted to trouble the seriousness of the place by such glad notes.

When I got writing materials I began to write; but, in this solitude I had so much material in store that too much at once thronged to my pen. Nevertheless, I wrote many things, and on the most various themes: Pictures of the Life of Animals; Letters of a Hermit; on Religion; on Military Art; a great many essays and recollections of my life. I remarked that too deep speculations were not in accordance with the insufficient food. Sometimes my head was so fatigued that I could not so much as read more than four or five pages.

The learning of languages I judge to be the fittest occupation for a prisoner. When free I never could spare time to learn the English language; as prisoner, I had more leisure than I wanted, and was glad to teach myself the language of the free. It was a curious thing, when I came to England, and had to put my lonely prison studies to the test. It was as if I had learnt playing the piano on an instrument provided with keys only, producing no sound. This is now the first time that I try to express my thoughts by writing in the English language; it is to me as if I must walk with a hundred weight attached to my foot.

Thus far we have removed most of the traces of a foreign idiom in the writer's English; now we think it may interest the reader to see what English style was compassed by this energetic German gentleman in his solitary cell. The rest of the narrative is printed as it comes to us.

When there was spoken of the marriage of the prince-regent, people believed that the political prisoners would be set free at this opportunity; but, the Princess of Prussia being very young, the effectuation trained much too long. At last, in the autumn, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, my wife received a hint, that I was to be freed at a certain day, and she had already sent her luggage to the railway, when she received a telegraphical despatch, that it was no time yet, and that she might stay a little longer in Berlin.

It was the second October in the morning, when I was interrupted in a drawing by the visit of the director, who announced me my deliverance, and the presence of my wife in Bruchsal. I was glad, of course, but I had waited too long for this moment, to feel it with such force as would have been the case two years before.

Nevertheless, I stept into the carriage with a thankful heart, and when we drove along the streets to the hotel, there were trees, flowers, carriages, horses, women and children! I heard merry voices instead of the whining of the organ, and saw smiling and compassionate faces greeting us on our way.

In the hôtel of the Poste we were received with a hearty welcome by the brave landlady, and led into her best room, where stood upon the table the finest flower-boquet money could purchase in Bruchsal, a gift of the landlady to me.

When dinner came—what a wonder! My wife was amused and touched at my exclamations. A tablecloth what a luxury! A fork! I had not seen a fork since six years. I had appropriated to me a large pin, which I wanted formerly for my cobbler-work, and which I used instead of a fork, and my plate was a round bit of board, which I brought with me as a keepsake. I had forgot how to use such things as knife and fork at once.

What a pleasure to drink out of a glass again, for even my bit of wine I used to drink out of a spare bird-glass. The whole dinner was a chain of agreeable surprises, for there were so great many familiar things I had neither seen nor tasted for so long a time—as plates, decanters, butter, fruit, tea, coffee, and fine havannahs.

I would have liked a walk in the environs of Bruchsal, only to look at my prison; but I did not, for it would have caused, perhaps, some disagreeableness to the director; thus I contented myself with walking in the garden of the hotel.

The other day we went by the railway to Francfort—my wife, myself, and my dear little companions (my four canary-birds), who wondered much at the great many people they saw everywhere. The journey was very fatiguant to me, and I felt uncomfortable, for everywhere people stared at me with amazement and pity. No wonder; for I looked like a walking corpse, and my great excitement and vivacity made my appearance rather more painful. It must have been indeed very striking; for when we arrived in the house of my brother-in-law in Francfort, there was a servant that had been in the house of my father-in-law when my wife was yet a maid, on seeing me she was so much shocked and grieved at the alteration of my features that she ran away and threw herself weeping upon the ground.

The society of my old friends and all these things I heard and saw excited me still more; and when I met an old friend, a physician, he cautioned me, and forbade me positively to go to a play, for he said that a single great excitement might produce at once what six years of solitary confinement had not done—to wit, madness! When I met, the other day, a very old and dear friend, who had shown to me much kindness since twenty years, I could not speak, and sobbed at his breast like a child.

It was a curious sensation I had in the throat, produced by much speaking, for I was not used to it; and even in hearing I found difficulty. But this was not the effect of deficiency in the ear, but only that of my not being used to hear speaking.

Now I heard, for the first time, that my old mother was dead since four years. My wife would not write it to me, and sent me always her greetings. My stepfather, who was deceased also a few months before, and of the death of other dear persons I heard also only then.—*Household Words.*

THE SPLIT IN THE STATES.

United States, if our good will
Could but command its way,
You would remain united still,
Forever and a day.
Does England want to see you split,
United States?—the deuce a bit.

Your North and South dissevered, we
With less disgust should view
Only that England we should see
And Scotland cleft in two.
We wish your great Republic whole
With all our heart and all our soul.

Why, who are we? Almost alone,
With you upon this earth,
We bow before no tyrant's throne.
Believe us, aught but mirth
Your noble commonwealth, if cleft,
Would cause us Britons, weaker left.

What head we might against the wrong,
Together make, O friends!
We wish you to continue strong.
On union strength depends.
So that your States may keep compact
Is our desire—now that's a fact.

By priest and soldier's two-fold ways
The Old World groans, oppressed.
We, and you only, far away,
With liberty, are blessed,
And may we still example give,
And "teach the nations how to live."

How all the despots would rejoice,
Should you break up and fail;
How would the flunkeys' echoing voice,
Take up their masters' tale—
"Free institutions will not do,"
Would be the cry of all the crew.

The press is gagged—the mouth is shut—
None dare their thoughts to name,
In Europe round; the lackeys strut,
Arrayed in splendid shame;
And creeds are, at the bayonet's point,
Enforced in this time out of joint.

Still be it yours and ours to bear
Our witness 'gainst these days,
The world at least will not despair
Whilst we our free flags raise.
Then may you still your stripes possess,
And may your stars be never less.

Strange it may seem, and yet is not;
The peril of the free
All springs from one unhappy blot,
The taint of slavery.
That, that is all you have to dread;
Get rid of that, and go ahead. —*Punch.*

ENGLISH SLOWNESS.

A slow temperament makes them less rapid and ready than other countrymen, and has given occasion to the observation that English wit comes afterwards—which the French denote as *esprit d' escalier*. This dulness makes their attachment to home, and their adherence in all foreign countries to home habits. The Englishman who visits Mount Etna will carry his teakettle to the top. The old Italian author of the "Relation of England" (in 1500) says: "I have it on the best information, that, when the war is actually raging most furiously, they will seek for good eating, and all their other comforts, without thinking what harm might befall them." Then their eyes seem to be set at the bottom of a tunnel, and they affirm the one small fact they know, with the best faith in the world that nothing else exists. And, as their own belief in guineas is perfect, they readily, on all occasions, apply the pecuniary argument as final.

Thus when the Rochester rappings began to be heard of in England, a man deposited £100 in a sealed box, in the Dublin Bank, and then advertised in the newspapers to all somnambulists, mesmerizers and others, that whoever could tell him the number of his note, should have the money. He let it lie there six months, the newspapers now and then, at his instance, stimulating the attention of the adepts; but none could ever tell him; and he said, "Now, let me never be bothered more with this proven lie." It is told of a good Sir John, that he heard a case stated by counsel, and made up his mind; the counsel for the other side taking their turn to speak, he found himself so unsettled and perplexed, that he exclaimed, "So help me God! I will never listen to evidence again." Any number of delightful examples of this English stolidity are the anecdotes of Europe.

I knew a very worthy man—a magistrate, I believe he was, in the town of Derby—who went to the opera to see Malibran. In one scene the heroine was to rush across a ruined bridge. Mr. B. arose, and mildly, yet firmly, called the attention of the audience and the performers to the fact, that, in his judgment, the bridge was unsafe! This English stolidity contrasts with French wit and tact. The French, it is commonly said, have greatly more influence in Europe than the English. What influence the English have is by brute force of wealth and power; that of the French by affinity and talent. The Italian is subtle, the Spaniard treacherous; tortures, it was said, could never wrest from an Egyptian the confession of a secret. None of these traits belong to the Englishman. His choler and conceit force everything out. Defoe, who knew his countrymen well, says of them:

> In close intrigue, their faculty's but weak,
> For generally, whate'er they know they speak,
> And often their own counsels undermine
> By mere infirmity without design;
> From whence, the learned say, it doth proceed,
> That English treasons never can succeed;
> For they're so open-hearted, you may know
> Their own most secret thoughts, and others' too.
>
> —*Emerson's "English Traits."*

THE QUESTION FOR SLAVEOWNERS.

Are niggers in Creation's plan,
Part of the family of Man?
Or are they but the kind of apes
Most like us in their ways and shapes?

My Southern friends, I have about
This point a very serious doubt;
I am not joking in the least
When asking—Is a Black a beast?

I find you are prepared to fight
Of keeping niggers for the right,
As you would for the right to keep
Horses and oxen, pigs and sheep.

All this is well, if 'tis the case
That niggers are a bestial race;
They are your cattle, herd, or flock,
And you 'll do battle for your stock.

Nay, wherefore not your niggers eat,
If they make palatable meat?
Which question there 's no reason why,
If they are brutes you should not try.

That brutes they are, feel sure you must,
So ready as you are to trust
That Heaven, the just cause that defends,
Will fight with you, my Southern friends.

This confidence of yours is such
That it my faith shakes very much,
And renders me to doubt inclined,
If they 're a portion of mankind.

You know, if human beings true,
That they 've the self-same rights as you;
The right, if Might sole Right you make,
Their freedom, if they can, to take.

If Justice reigns, you know you brave
Its power, in holding Man your slave;
You kick against the eternal laws,
Ere doing which, you'd surely pause.

You know that, if those laws you sp